R. White sculp.

Capt. WILLIAM BEDLOE,
Discoverer of the late Plott.

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THE

LIFE & DEATH

OF CAPTAIN

William Bedloe

Henry One of the Chief Bradshaw

DISCOVERERS

Of the Horrid

Popish Plot.

Wherein all his more Eminent Cheats, and whatever is remarkable of him, both Good and Bad, is Impartially Discover'd.

LONDON:

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W: Musgrave.

THE PREFACE.

Courteous Reader,

THE Writer of these following Leaves desires the Reader to understand that he is not so vain as to expect the least Applause (the common Itch of Authors) from any thing his Pen can do. He does acknowledg himself to be altogether unread in Books; that small knowledg he has being but what he has Glean'd from his Conversation amongst Men. For he had the misfortune of being Educated in the worst of times, when the Civil War like an Earthquake set the whole Land into a Convulsion, and the softer Muses (as the Ancients were pleased to fancy of the River Nilus*) were frightned to some unknown remoter Region. Besides this, his declining Age accompanied with its Infirmities (which as well Delineates the parts of the Mind, as it does those of the Body) is grown by this time so severe upon him, that it were unreasonable for those who know him to expect from such a worn out Pencil any strokes that are extraordinary.*

Being by these and many other Reasons made Conscious of my insufficiency, I undertook this ungrateful Province not without much unwillingness, not without the urgent importunities of Mr. Bedloe *himself. He was the more earnest*

with

with me, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he knew I had the beſt knowledge of his Original, having liv'd for ſome years in the ſame Houſe with his Grandfather, and his Faher was my moſt intimate Acquaintance and School-Fellow.

When he had prevail'd with me to draw (as he us'd to term it) this Picture of his Life, he engag'd me at the ſame time not to uſe the leaſt Stroke or Shadow of Partiallity. For no one could poſſibly be more Ingenious both in acknowledging and bewailing his former miſdeeds: though I cannot deny, but on the other ſide, he did as much value himſelf on the great ſervices he did his Country. It was his deſire that all his cheats ſhould be Blazon'd in their proper Colours, to precaution his unwary Country-men for the future to avid ſuch obvious inconveniences; and as for the mighty Heroick Actions he atchiev'd, it is but juſt they ſhould be Recorded as Eternal Monuments of his Fame, and Examples for the beſt of Subjects to imitate.

And I hope I have not tranſgreſt the limits of his direction, the greateſt part of this account being given under his own hand, and the reſt I receiv'd either from his neareſt Relations, or elſe from my own certain experience and knowledge. For I had not only the conveniency, ſince his death, of often Diſcourſing with his Widdow, Mother, and Brother: but himſelf, in his life time, for my better eaſe and exactneſs in performing this undertaking, was pleas'd to aſſiſt me with the view of all his Papers. For he always kept a Diary of his moſt remarkable Adventures for the ſpace of ten years together, which was the duration of the Scene in which he acted moſt of his cheats.

A year and ſome weeks are paſt ſince I firſt made Mr. Bedloe *the unhappy promiſe, and not long after I was viſited with ſuch a ſevere fit of ſickneſs, that I was ſo far from any thoughts of writing his Life, that I fear'd I ſhould want time te make reflections on my own. But about two months ago being indifferently well Recover'd of my tedious longing Diſtemper, I was reaſſaulted by ſome of his Relations with freſh importunities. who deſired, me if I had not any regard to my promiſe, at leaſt to deliver up what Papers I had of Mr.* Bedloes *to a young Pen-man of the Town, who as I underſtood was very earneſt to undertake the work; I ſuppoſe propoſing to himſelf an advantage by ſelling of the Copy, which is a thing I neither want nor value. But being thus brought to reflect on my former raſh promiſe, I haſtily took my Pen in hand, and in leſs than ſix weeks time ſcribbl'd or'e theſe few Sheets of Paper. The greateſt pains I took, was to make it a plain and faithful Hiſtory, not troubling any Romance Book for Rhetorick or Fancy. However I know there will not be wanting ſome who will call it partial, becauſe in every Line I have not plaid the Satyr, and damn'd him againſt the plain Conviction of Verity and Reaſon. But I muſt expect the Papiſt to be as well mine, as his Enemy, for that he hates the true Hiſtorian is an eſſential part of his Character. Like the Bird of night, he abhors the days approach, and if his horrider Crimes do happen to be detected, with a Papal confidence, they will be ſure to deny it, although as apparent as the Sun it its Meridian. And as Mr.* Bedloe *himſelf in the Prologue to his* Excommunicated Prince, *did rightly obſerve,*

They'll

They'll ſwear by all the Saints 'tis meer cheat,
Like the feign'd Book of Martyrs, and a blot
Falſe as the Story of the powder Plot.
So th' Sexton ſwore his Clock did never lie,
What e're the Sun ſaid to the contrary.

Here I could ſpeak a great deal of this ſort of people, but ſo much is every where writ alreadᵉ of them, that I will not trouble the Reader with Tautologies, beſides I will not be ſo uncivil as to detain him any longer from the following Diſcourſe; which if it happens to afford any profit, or pleaſure, I ſhall think my ſelf amply rewarded for this ſmall pains I have taken.

THE

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The

THE LIFE and DEATH. OF Capt. *WILL. BEDLOE.*

CHAP. I.

Of his Parentage and Relations.

I Think it convenient in the first place, to give the World an account of his Family and Relations; which his Enemies have every where made it their endeavours to asperse, hoping thereby to render his person less considerable, and so invalidate the credit of his Evidence.

His Grandfather, on the Fathers side, call'd Major *George Bedloe*, was a Younger Brother of an ancient Family of that name in *Ireland*; a Person of undoubted

Reſolution and Courage; and, what was extraordinary in a Souldier, no leſs conſiderable for his Parts and Learning; which appears by ſeveral Pieces of his ingenious Poety, the Captain his Grandſon have ſhewn me in Manuſcript; and, as he told me, deſign'd for the Preſs.

This Gentleman coming into *England* in the Year 1633. was in a ſhort time after marry'd to a Merchants Widdow of a conſiderable fortune in *London*; by whom he had only one Son and two Daughters. The Daughters were diſpos'd of in the Major's life-time, to rich Tradeſmen of the City, whoſe Poſterity yet continue there in good Credit and Reputation: But both the Major and his Wife departing this World in the ſame Year, Forty one, he bequeath'd his whole Eſtate to his only Son, Mr. *Iſaac Bedloe*, who was Father to the Captain, whoſe Life I am about to write.

This *Iſaac* was a Perſon of incomparable Natural parts, which he had the offer of improving, by being ſetled in an Univerſity; but he more delighted in the nicer ſtudies of Dancing and Muſick, and what other accompliſhments might better endear him to the more delicate Sex. He had the repute of being one of the hand-

handſom'ſt Gentlemen of the Town, nor was he leſs remarkable for his Carriage and Dreſs; and indeed in this reſpect, becauſe I will not be impartial, I cannot chuſe but blame him, I mean for his living ſo extreamly above himſelf. For his habit and attendance were by all that knew him obſerv'd to be over pompous and ſplendid; and I more particularly remember a Sute of Clothes I once ſaw him wear at a Play-houſe, which he aſſur'd me coſt him above fourſcore pieces. But this ſcene of gallantry did not long continue; but was interrupted by the breaking out of the Civil Troubles: For when he perceiv'd all others in Armour, he had more courage than to ſee himſelf idle, but immediately joyning with the Royal party, he behav'd himſelf moſt gallantly through the ſeries of the War; which by the nine legible wounds he wore about him, might appear.

And ſo ſteady and conſtant was his undaunted reſolution, that though His Majeſties Forces were irrevocably ſcatter'd, and he ſaw there remain'd not the leaſt hopes of a reinforcement, yet he reſolv'd to be one of the laſt that would lay down his Arms, and ſo haſtned to *Ragland*, a ſtrong Garriſon in *Monmouth-ſhire*, then

Govern'd by the right Honourable the Marqueſs of *Worceſter*. I have heard that the ſaid Marqueſs was extreamly pleaſed with his Company, he being incomparably jocoſe, and of a moſt affable pleaſant humour, and moſt excellently skill'd in the Art of Muſick. But when the Garriſon was ſurrender'd to the diſloyal Party, and his great friend the Marqueſs was taken into cuſtody, Mr. *Bedloe* fell very ill of a Feavour at *Chepſtow*, a ſtrong Garriſon Town on the River *Wey* in *Monmouthſhire*; where for fear of the Governour, who was a ſevere Parliamentarian, he thought it convenient ſomewhat to alter his name, and ſo call'd himſelf *Beddoe*.

In the ſame Town there liv'd a young Gentlewoman, whoſe Wit and Beauty, which ſhe had in perfection, did amply recompence for what was wanting in her Fortune and Quality. She had ſeveral Suitors which at the ſame time offer'd her their Love, but eſpecially two young Gentlemen of the ſame neighbourhood, whoſe behaviour and humour ſhe thought to be ſo incomparable, and yet at once ſo equal, that ſhe as it were divided her affections between 'em. And when ſhe reſolv'd to prefer this to her choice, the thoughts of the others perfections as ſoon

baniſht him again. And thus ſhe perplext her ſelf almoſt to diſtraction. When Mr. *Bedloe*, now almoſt recovered of his Feaver, having ſeen this Lady, finds his heat renew'd, though of another nature. He uſes no delay in offering his amour, nor ſhe in refuſing it. Heaven, which long before deſign'd this happy match, order'd ev'ry thing to concurr to the perfecting of it. Now their miſerable former ſervants receive their diſmal ſentences, and have purchas'd their reconciliation to each other, with the loſs almoſt of their lives. In the year forty-nine they were joyn'd in matrimony, and I well remember it was on St. *David*'s day, when inſtead of Ribon-favours he beſtow'd artificial Leeks on the company. I cannot chuſe but boaſt my ſelf to be one of thoſe happy Gueſts which ſaw this couple marry'd; I ſaw 'em bedded too; I ſaw 'em languiſhing in each others arms, and kiſs; and then I took my leave; but after the common manner, for then alas I little dreamt of what mighty thing they were going about. But I was no Prophet to Divine what a great *Hero* they were going to beget; nor could my dim mortal eyes perceive thoſe glorious aſſiſtant Angels, which were hov'ring o're the Bri-

dal-Bed, and inſpir'd the young Loven with more than ordinary vigour. Bleſſed pair! Though perhaps they were wholly inſenſible of the mighty end the gods deſign'd by their embraces, yet their pleaſures certainly muſt be more than ordinary raviſhing, which tended to ſo great and noble an end, no leſs than to procure a Preſerver for three Mighty Kingdoms.

Not long after they were marry'd, he endeavour'd to perſwade her to remove with him to *London*, having a Houſe there of his own, and eight hundred pounds in Moneys, which in the beginning of the War he had buried in his Celler; beſides the Sequeſtrators of that honourable County, *Monmouth-ſhire*, made a very ſtrict enquiry after the King's Friends, who, if by any chance ſhould hear of his being concern'd againſt the Parliament, would be ſatisfy'd with nothing leſs than his utter ruine. But notwithſtanding theſe and ſeveral other reaſons, he reſolv'd to condeſcend to whatſoever ſhe moſt deſir'd. And when ſhe ſignified her averſneſs to part with her native home, he as readily comply'd with her; and ſo immediately purchas'd a convenient dwelling Houſe in *Chepſtow*, with pleaſant Gardens and Orchards, and ſome ground beſides,

beſides, to the value of about Forty pounds a year. Being thus ſettled, he thought it convenient, as the times then were, to live privately and obſcure; not that he was neceſſitated to do ſo for want of Moneys, for he ſoon ſold his Houſe in *London* for five hundred pounds, which, together with the eight hundred pounds he hid in the Celler, he had convey'd to *Chepſtow*: where he liv'd no longer than ſeven years and an half, in which time he had three Sons and two Daughters, and then departed this Life, having left his whole Eſtate to the diſpoſal of his Wife.

His eldeſt Son's name was *William*, of whom you ſhall preſently have a more particular account.

His ſecond was call'd *Charles*, a ſtout handſom perſon, whoſe inclination leading him to Travel, he was caſt away in the *Baltick* Seas, where together with his Life he loſt his Goods, to the value of two hundred pounds.

The youngeſt is *James*, one of a ready wit, and for ſymetry and ſhape, is by ſome eſteem'd not to be inferiour to moſt men in *England*. He ever liv'd extreamly high and ſplendid, and above other Gentlemen of the Country who had vaſt

Estates: But how he was maintained so, I will not pretend to inform you, but himself is able to satisfie any one that thinks it best to enquire it of him.

The eldest Daughter after her Mothers name was call'd *Alice*, the perfectest piece of Beauty perhaps *Monmouth-shire* ever bred, nor was she less admirable for her incomparable Wit: She having bred a kind of Civil War amongst the young Gentlemen of the Country, her Aunts in *London* sent for her thither, who were not a little proud of such a Fair Relation. The fame of her Beauty soon dispers'd it self over the greatest part of the Town, and she had gain'd the Report, I know not how, of being a very considerable Fortune. She was Courted by several Persons of good Quality; some of them making love after an honourable manner, others with great offers endeavouring, though in vain, to oblige her to be their Mistress. But she behaved her self with such incomparable prudence and cunning that she was at last marry'd to no less person than the eldest Son of my Lord *Duncannon*. But she enjoy'd her self not long after, but dy'd of a Surfeit she got by eating of Sweet-meats.

The

The youngeſt Daughter is *Mary*, who is a comely modeſt young woman, an incomparable Houſewife, and very excellent for all ſorts of ingenious Needle-work. She is yet unmarry'd, living at *Chepſtow* with her Mother.

The happy Mother of theſe Children, for about a dozen years together, continued her Widdow-hood, and gave her Children the beſt Education either the Country or *Briſtol* could afford, but was at laſt marry'd to one *Taynton*, who Trail'd a Pike in *Chepſtow Caſtle*, under the Command of Captain *Tho. Nanfan*: He was a perſon of no great Fortune that ever I heard of, yet an incomparable ingenious well-bred-man. And though never bound Apprentice to any Trade, was very well learned in ſeveral parts of the Mechanicks. He was the firſt I ever heard of that contriv'd to turn a Spit with Smoak, that made a Clock which went with Air, and another with Water. And made a very ſmall Watch, moſt part of it being only of Wood. He having ſpent ſome years and much moneys in theſe ingenious Inventions, at laſt reſolved on ſome more profitable employment. And a Shoo-maker who rented a Shop of him, being forc'd to abſcond, for fear of the Bayliffs,

Bayliffs, he ſeiz'd on all his Goods for part of his Rent, and by the ſmall aſſiſtance of an ancient Journeyman of the Town, in a ſhort time he learnt the way of being very expert in the Art of Cutting out Shoes, and having enough of ready monies to buy Leather at the beſt hand, and able to truſt his Cuſtomers for as long time as they pleas'd, he ſoon engroſt into his own hands the Trade of the whole Countrey; but he drove not long this Trade, for his Wife and her Children apprehending themſelves diſparag'd by it, prevail'd with him to diſcontinue it.

I have given this ſhort Relation of his Family, the truth of which, I hope, no unprejudic'd Reader will queſtion, to let the world know, 'tis not ſo deſpicable as ſome People have thought it their intereſt to diſcourſe, and others, out of ignorance, have been taught to believe. Thoſe *Papiſts*, and other evil principled People, who have had the Confidence to aſſert, there was no ſuch thing as a *Popiſh Plot*, uſe this for a common Argument, *That the Diſcoverers are Perſons of obſcure and mean Parentage, and that People of their Neceſſities, care not what they ſwear for ſuch ample Rewards.* I have heard it publickly diſ-

diſcours'd, and with no ſmall Confidence too, *That Captain* Bedloe *was the Son of a poor Cobler, nay, and that himſelf did work at the Trade too.* But on what weak foundation they Erected this, I have already ſhewn. I have likewiſe aſſured you, *That his own Father was a Gentleman, though not of the higheſt Rank, yet of an ancient Family, and one that both liv'd and dy'd in a very good condition.* But ſuppoſe he had been one of the Dregs of the People, one that newly came from a Cottage, or Almſ-houſe, yet the mighty things he has done, are enough to purifie the moſt corrupted Blood, and give the name of his Family a Title to Eternity: For his Relations have as much reaſon to value themſelves on his Heroick Actions, as that their pretended Meanneſs ſhould be reflected on.

Among the Numerous Copies of Verſes which were preſented him after his Diſcovery, I met with a Sheet, which was written after the *Pindarique* Stile, ſome few of which I have here Tranſcrib'd.

Let the meer Poet laſh his looſe-rein'd Muſe,
Flie up to Helicon, *and thence*
Extract Fictions quinteſſence;

Then

Bayliffs, he ſeiz'd on all his Goods for part of his Rent, and by the ſmall aſſiſtance of an ancient Journeyman of the Town, in a ſhort time he learnt the way of being very expert in the Art of Cutting out Shoes, and having enough of ready monies to buy Leather at the beſt hand, and able to truſt his Cuſtomers for as long time as they pleas'd, he ſoon engroſt into his own hands the Trade of the whole Countrey; but he drove not long this Trade, for his Wife and her Children apprehending themſelves diſparag'd by it, prevail'd with him to diſcontinue it.

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Then

Then ranſack all the Characters of Fame
For Glories to adorn one Name,
And raiſe the Fop his Patron to the Sky
By all the ſervile Art of Poetry;
Whilſt I thy friend need no ſuch methods uſe,
I need not feign an Heroe now,
Nature's ſelf has made you ſo.
Wherefore theſe Truths I mean to ſpeak, and
all the World does know
Surmount the little hollow Art of flattery.
Nay, the Sycophant would loſe his Name, was
all the World like thee.

His Friend having thus declar'd againſt Flattery, proceeded to an ample diſcourſe of his many Virtues, and in the ſeventh *Stanza*, thus ſpeaks of his Family.

Thoſe envious Sons of Earth,
Who with baſe Libels ſcandaliz'd your birth,
Calling it mean and poor;
Did not the Iriſh Bedloes *know,*
Your Granſirs Wit and Learning too,
Nor the Nine Loyal Wounds your valiant
Father wore,
Thoſe glorious, &c.

So much of his Family, which I deſire at preſent may ſuffice, what I have ſaid, being only a *Præmium* to his following Life.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of his Birth, Childhood, Youth, with Miraculous Obſervations thereupon. Of his Education, Studies, Morality, and Religion.

ON the Twentieth day of *May*, and in the Year of our Lord 1650, he firſt entered on this Theatre of the world. It was about the mid-time of the Day, when his proud Planet, the Sun, having put on his gaudier Rays, climb'd up to his Zenith, to behold the glad Spectacle. It was in a Month too, when Heat and Cold, as it were, met in kind Embraces, and made the Air, with a calm gentle touch, encompaſs his Infant Limbs: For had he come in the midſt of Winter, when the frozen *Bootes* governs the Horizon, the Gods had been put to the Expence of another Miracle, and for his ſake have alter'd the natural courſe of the Heavens. Moſt wonderful Child! which, I have heard, came out of his Mothers Womb without giving her the leaſt torment,

ment, as if his Birth had taken away the ancient Curſe of Woman-kind! *Diana* certainly was aſſiſting at her Throws; and what an happy Mother muſt ſhe needs be, who had a Goddeſs for her Midwife! Thrice happy Woman who gave ſuck to ſuch a Child! her Breaſts, which not long before was extremely tormented with a very dangerous Ulcer, moſt miraculouſly grew well againſt the Birth of this Child; and I believe they flow'd with Nectar, in ſtead of Milk.

Whil'ſt other Infants are taught by Nature with their continual Cryes and Struglings, to ſignifie their Averſnoſs to this troubleſom World, this pretty piece of Innocence always ſmil'd, and look'd chearful, as if he was then ſenſible of the Good he was born to do. And if we Mortals could reach the Doctrine, his very Eyes had Language, and his Looks were already offering at Diſcoveries.

Was it not very admirable, at leſs than three quarters of a Year, for him to go about the Houſe without the leaſt help, and ſpeak every thing very perfectly? And at Three Years of Age, to be able to read the hardeſt Chapter in the Bible? His ingenious, innocent Prating, caus'd every one to eſteem him a very Miracle of

Wit;

Wit; and what was extraordinary in a Child, no one could ever teach him to ſpeak any words that were Obſcene. His Godfathers and Godmothers, all Perſons of Quality, were never ſatisfy'd without his Company, and have had ſeveral Contentions which ſhould have him longeſt in their Houſes.

Amongſt the various Remarks which attended his Childhood, his Preſervation was not the leaſt, having been ſeveral times ſnatcht from the very jaws of ruine. Once he was in danger of being blown up by the ſhot of a Cannon, which was prevented by a Stander-by, who hall'd him from before the mouth of it, juſt as the Gunner was giving fire. His Recovery from thoſe dangerous Diſtempers, the Purples, Small Pox, Fever, and Convulſion Fits, all which he had in extremity, was very wonderful. Once he follow'd his Father to the Church of *Chepſtow*, who, with other of the chief Pariſhioners, having view'd the Battlements, in order to have it mended, they had hardly gone out of the Church-yard, but they ſaw the Tower falling down in pieces. You may imagine they could not chuſe but bleſs themſelves, and give Thanks to Heaven for the ſtrange Deliverance; but

perhaps

perhaps they little thought that they ow'd it to the Guardian Angel of this happy Child; some of which, I believe, held up the tottering Walls, whil'st others were as busie in conveying him away. I have heard many other strange Passages of his Infancy and Childhood, which the Brevity I design, denies me leave to set down; besides, many of them are so strange, and almost incredible, that it would go near to make this Treatise I design for a History, be suspected for a Romance.

At Twelve Years old he was able to Construe the most Crabbed piece of *Latine* or *Greek*, and when his School-master was not able to teach him any longer, he furnisht his Study at home with a considerable number of the best Books he could be advis'd to, and in a short while he mightily improv'd himself in several sorts of Learning. He was well read in History, both Sacred and Profane, in Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, and some parts of the Mathematicks. And as for Heraldry, he was a perfect Master of it, being able to give an account what Coat of Arms every Family of any Note in *England* bears. For his Divertisement, he us'd Musick, Hunting and Hawking; and

in

in the Art of Limning he was ſo well skill'd, that he could draw the hardeſt Face exactly to the Life. Being thus accompliſht, his Society was much coveted by all the Gentry thereabouts, eſpecially by the more ingenious and ſoberer ſort of them: For his Morality as yet was ſuch, that he had the Report of being given to no manner of Vice, and his Religion was the ſame which all his Family profeſt, the true ancient Proteſtant.

Being obſerv'd now by all to be a moſt incomparable ingenious Perſon, and capable of undertaking any great Atchievement, the *Jeſuits* (who ever made it their Endeavours to Trapan ſuch into their Councels) us'd ſeveral Engines to ſeduce him to be of their Church. I knew a Perſon of Honour that was very importunate with his Mother to let him Travel with him to *Paris*, offering to ſettle and maintain him there in a Colledge; but ſhe ſuſpecting his deſign, refus'd to give her conſent: But his moſt indefatigable Sollicitor, was the famous *Jeſuit* Father *Lewis*, who, ſince the diſcovery of the late *Popiſh Plot*, was Executed at *Monmouth*. He us'd often to come to *Chepſtow*, and brought other *Jeſuits* along with him, in order to pervert him; they made him ac-

quainted in the Families of all the great *Papiſts* in that Countrey, who treated and courted him after an extraordinary manner, and ſtrove to tempt him with fair Promiſes of Preferment and Greatneſs, and what other Allurements uſe to captivate frailer fleſh and blood; but notwithſtanding all theſe Politick-Devices and Machinations, he continu'd yet ſo far from imbibing any of their ill Principles, that he ſo long continu'd a ſtrong Champion for the Church of *England*, that with a kind of deſpair they diſcontinu'd their Progreſs.

All who obſerv'd his earlier days,
Did with amazement joy their praiſe;
And eſteem'd him as a Friend
Sent to 'em for no common End.
Each Act did of his Life appear
Wondrous as a Blazing-Star:
But with this difference underſtood,
That portends Ill, this always Good.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of his firſt coming to London, *and how he came acquainted with two jeſuites,* Johnſon *and* Harman.

THE Character I have yet given of him is full of vertue, and all that's commendable, yet have I not writ one ſyllable but what I believe to be right: and being now come to that part of his life, in which he began to degenerate, I reſolve to continue the ſame faithfullneſs to Truth.

In the Year 1670, upon ſome difference which happn'd between him and his Father-in-Law, he went up to *London*, his Mother having given him an hundred Pounds in his Pocket: he took his Lodgings, like a true Welchman, near the *Cheſhire Cheeſe* in the *Strand*, where two ſevere Jeſuits, Father *Harman*, and Father *Johnſon*, likewiſe had a Chamber: On the *Sunday* following, his Landlord Invited him to Dinner, where the aforeſaid Jeſuits, and other of his Lodgers, were likewiſe preſent. After the Cloath was ta-

ken away, they fell, I know not how, into a Diſcourſe of Religion, which the Jeſuits manag'd with ſuch ſubtilty and cunning, that tho' they levell'd their whole Diſcourſe againſt the Church of *England*, yet at the ſame time they would inſinuate that themſelves were Proteſtants, and pretended mightily to lament its degenerating Condition. Their railery againſt the Common Clergy, was both ſevere and tedious; nor did *Barlow*, *Stillingfleet*, *Loyd*, and *Tillotſon*, thoſe Famous Champions of our Religion, eſcape their Laſh. But Mr. *Bedloe* eaſily perceiving their ſophiſtry, took up the Cudgels on the other ſide, and with ſuch ſtrong reas'ning vindicated the Proteſtant Religion and Clergy, that the Jeſuits for all their Learning, were forc't to yeeld him the victory: now they began at once both to envy and admire him, and at length, being more intimately acquainted with his parts and courage, continually ply'd him with freſh force of Argument. But finding him this way Impregnable, and too ſtrongly armed againſt all their Artillery, they at laſt reſolved on another method; they well knew the frailty of humane nature, and how eaſily the ſtrongeſt Reaſons and beſt grounded Principles were to be brought

into

into ſubjection by the wilder Appetite, they agreed therefore to ſhew him the various Scenes of Debauchery, well knowing if they could once bring him to be of no Religion, they were in a fair progreſs towards making him a Papiſt: The Religion of *Rome*, is a delicate, eaſie Religion; it maintains no gaſtly Bugbears, to frighten ſenſual nature in its brisk career; but the Conſcience, which is the unerring Judge of all good and evil, with its exquiſite Faculties, it moſt artificially ſtifles. As for the horrider crimes of Murther, Perjury, *&c.* You may have Pardons and Indulgencies at very reaſonable Rates; then as for the little inconſiderable venial offences, of Drinking, Swearing, Whoring, and the like; why, a ſtroak or two of Penance will whip them quite out of doors; and though perhaps their ſhoulders may ſmart for a little time, yet the Conſcience all the while continues undiſturbed, and is mightily pleaſed in thus cheating it ſelf. So this *Atheiſt* (I mean the *pretended one*, for I believe no man can be *really* ſo) being plunged over head and ears, in an habit of Debauchery, and not being able to ſay his prayers, or make any reflections on his miſerable Condition, for fear of awakning the growing worm of his

Conſcience, endeavours to allay the pain, by forcing himſelf to think that there is no God to puniſh him.

Behold how plainly the *Papiſt* an dthe *Atheiſt* do here agree! Both deceiving their Conſciences by the forc'd apprehenſions of what they know to be falſe. Yet the Church of *Rome* will on no terms part with this happy principle, it having procured more Proſelites than any other of its ſtratagems, and to come more cloſely to the buſineſs, it was only this bait which gaind'em Mr. *Bedloe*.

I know that our Religion's a meer Cheat.
Hells horrors cover'd with a guilded Bait.
But it at preſent does my Conſcience eaſe,
And I am cur'd, tho' with a worſe diſeaſe.
In pleaſures boſom yet ſecure I lie,
Whilſt with their Salves, they my ſharp (Checks allay.

CHAP. IV.

How he was brought to a Bawdy-Houſe by the Jeſuits. Of his intrigue there with a Merchants Wife; and the unfortunate adventure with the Jeſuits at the ſame time made.

ALl opportunities theſe Jeſuits uſed of coming into his Company; and grew at laſt into ſuch an intire familiarity, that they were obſerved to be ſeldom or never aſunder. *Locket*'s was the Ordinary where they did uſually eat, and when they had warm'd themſelves with brisk Canary, Mother *Creſwells* was the place where they us'd to adjourn. One time above the reſt this honeſt Mother call'd Mr. *Bedloe* into a room a-part, where chucking him under the chin, ſhe call'd him Smock-fac'd Rogue, commended his limbs and ſhape, and at length began to be ſo impudently inquiſitive, that he almoſt fear'd the old Woman deſign'd to commit a rape on him, but ſhe ſoon clear'd the miſtake, by letting him know

ſhe had a kindneſs to beſtow on him, which himſelf muſt needs acknowledge to be extraordinary. In ſhort, ſhe aſſured him there was above ſtairs a wealthy Merchants Wife, to whoſe embraces ſhe deſigned to prefer him, and told him, if he behaved himſelf with true Mettle and Courage, he had a very fair opportunity for making himſelf a Fortune; It is a thing, ſaid ſhe, very uſual for Ladies of Quality whoſe Husbands are inſufficient, to apply themſelves to me for the neceſſaries of Nature; and indeed without ſuch Gueſts would my Employment be inconſiderable. The brisk Sparks of the Town, who have great opinions of their own perſons and performances, have ſpent many hundred pounds in my Houſe, in hopes of ſuch prizes, and I have a dozen younger brothers which are at preſent in fee with me; wherefore, my preferring you firſt, I would have you reckon as no ſmall favour.

He having given her his thanks, and fair promiſe of a recompence anſwerable to his ſucceſs, ſhe conducted him into a private remote Chamber, where the expecting Lady had lain her ſelf on the bed, in a more amorous poſture than ever

Ve-

Venus was pictured. He ſeated himſelf gently by her panting ſide, and taking her into his arms gave her a hundred kiſſes; then deſired to excuſe that freedom, although of a Stranger, ſeeing Nature had already made ſuch an acquaintance amongſt young People, that whenſoever they meet, they have no more to do then to enjoy. She replyed, that in ſuch a place it would be very vain for her to pretend to Modeſty; and ſo claſping about the waſte, and kiſſing him, ſhe bid him do his pleaſure with her. When they had plentifully carreſt each other on the Bed, he uſhered her to the fire-ſide, where he treated her with variety of Wine and Sweet-meats. Then ſhe leaning on his ſhoulder, and looking ſtedfaſtly in his face, thus diſcloſed the ſecrets of her mind, as ſhe had done thoſe of her body. Had I that comfort, ſaid ſhe, of a Husband, for which moſt Women Marry, nothing ſhould have tempted me thus to pollute his Bed: But the Man I am marryed to, is above fourſcore years of age, which is very diſproportionable with my years, who am hardly two and twenty. It was the covetouſneſs of my Father which forced me to Marry with him, he having 800 *l.* a year in Land, and 20000 *l.* in ready

ready Caſh. I have lain with him theſe fourteen tedious months and upwards, all which time, as you have found, I have kept my Virginity; nor had I ever deſired the knowledge of any other man, were it not out of hopes to get an heir to inherit my husbands Eſtate, which otherwiſe after my life, will fall to a Nephew of his I do above all things hate. Then telling him, ſhe hoped ſhe had no need to ſuſpect his ſecrecy, ſhe diſcovered her Husbands name, and the place where he lived, and aſſured him if ſhe proved with Child, ſhe had a gratitude for him that was more then ordinary, and that in the mean time he ſhould want no kindneſs that lay in her power, and for his farther encouragement, ſhe added, that her Husband, by reaſon of his infirmities rendered uncapable of buſineſs, referred his whole Eſtate to her care and management, and was uſed to reſt ſatisfied with what ever account ſhe gave him. He not a little tranſported at this charming Muſick, deſired her not to doubt the effect of her wiſhes, and as for a reward, he expected no greater than the pleaſure of ſerving her, which he ſaid, he valued at a higher rate than all the riches ſhe was Miſtreſs of.

When

When with kiſſes and a thouſand amarous dalliances they had drawn on the welcome night, the old woman coming up and having ſet them in Bed, wiſht them a good night, but as little reſt as poſſible; In the morning they both roſe extreamly contented, and he having paid the reckoning, which came to ten pounds and odd money, at leaſt eight of it being extortion, they parted with a mutual promiſe of meeting there again the ſame day ſeven-night.

When he returned to his Lodgings, having put his hand in his Pocket to ſearch for his Watch, he found unexpectedly no leſs than fourſcore pieces of broad Gold, conveyed there by his late Bedfellow. He had ſcarce counted over the Gold, but in came the two adventuring Jeſuits, Father *Johnſon* and *Harman*, but ſo ſtrangely metamorphoſed, that he could hardly diſtinguiſh whether they were the ſame or no. Their faces were drawn in like wrinkled empty purſes, and they halled their legs after them worſe than ſons of an Hoſpital coming newly out of a Flux. Ere he was able for wonder to ask him any queſtions, *Harman* of himſelf began this pitious complaint: O Fellow-lodger, Fellow-lodger! we are utter-

utterly ruin'd! Damn all Whores! Pockey Thieviſh Whores! Hold, I pray, replyed Mr. *Bedloe*, condemn not all for the ſake of ſome few, perhaps there may be found ſome Whores which deſerve commendation, but be ſo kind as let me know what ſudden diſaſter has ſo lately changed your mind againſt thoſe creatures I have heard you ſo much commend. Then proceeded Father *Harman*, Laſt night, at Mother *Creſwells*, when we underſtood it was in vain to expect your coming home with us, we had not walkt a Coits caſt over *Moor-fields*, but we were overtaken by a pair of brisk genteel Female creatures, who by their jogging us as they paſt by, and ſtaring in our faces, gave us to underſtand they had a mind to be better known to us. We being ſomething hot-headed agreed to pick them up, which when we had done, we ſuffered them to bring us to an Houſe convenient for their purpoſe; we eaſily prevailed with them, when it was late, to go into Bed with us, but when they had lulled us aſleep, they ſtole away our Perriwigs, Swords, Linnen, Watches, and every farthing of our Moneys, and left us in this miſerable condition you ſee us; nay, and what is yet worſe, I

fear

fear my Whore has ſeverely *Frenchify'd* me, for I make water hot enough to melt a hole in a Pewter Chamber-pot. Early in the morning *(continued he)* the old Baud, who doubtleſs had a ſhare in the booty, came raging into our Chamber worſe than a Northern Tempeſt; ſhe call'd us a couple of notorious Rogues, and ſwore that though our Whores were eſcaped with above twenty pounds worth of her Goods, we that brought them in ſhould be reſponſable for their Theft, and not ſtir a foot till we had given her ſatisfaction. With a thouſand Vows and Proteſtations we endeavoured to allay her fury, which like Oil thrown on fire, did but rather increaſe it. At laſt caſting her eyes round about the Chamber, ſhe ſeized on my Silver Tobacco-Box, which the dark before had concealed from the ſearch of the two whores; ſhe likewiſe ſeized on our Hats, our Stockings and Buckles, nay, and forced us to unſtrip our ſelves of our very ſhirts, which ſhe ſaid was not the tythe of the damage ſhe received, although over night we had diſcharged her uncontroulable Reckoning. Being now as naked as *Eſops* Crow, when the rabble of Birds had unplumed him, ſhe ſcornfully adviſed

ſed us to haſte to our Lodgings ere the day appeared, for fear the Beadle of the Beggars ſhould meet with us on the way. We approved of her advice, and made what haſte we could. But it was not ſo early but many of the Apprentices had opened their Shop-windows, who ſeeing us thus diſguiſed, gazed on us with more wonder than if we had been a pair of Blazing-ſtars. Some rightly gueſt, that we had fallen amongſt whores, others taking us to be *Bedlams*, demanded of us what we had done with our horns. Then they peſtered us with ſuch thick ſhowers of rotten Oranges and addle Eggs, that it had been as good for us to have ſtood ſo long a time in the Pillory.

Mr. *Bedloe* overcome with this piteous complaint, lent them five pounds a piece, with which they made a ſhift for the preſent to rig themſelves. On the *Sunday* following they adminiſter'd Confeſſion to each other, and I believe had quickly forgot this ſad diſaſter, had not an extream pain in their Head, Backs, *&c.* not only renewed, but continued the remembrance of it as long as they lived.

According to the time appointed, Mr. *Bedloe* made haſte to wait on the Merchants Wife, who met him with a preſent

ſent of fifty *Guinnyes*. Now grown extreamly high with the apprehenſions of this (as he thought inexhauſtable Treaſures) he furniſht himſelf with a Coach and very rich Liveries, nor was there a Gentleman in the Town that lived every way more gallantly, for when ever he wanted Moneys ſhe conſtantly ſupplyed him, and it was a thing very uſual with him, when he had loſt all his Moneys at Gaming, to ſend his Servant to her for fifty or threeſcore pounds at a time, but this happy condition did not long continue, for at the end of nine Months ſhe dyed in Childbed. It now began to trouble him for playing the man ſo well, ſince what he deſigned for his happineſs proved ſuch a misfortune to him, but the Child is yet a live, a delicate brave Boy, and exactly Mr. *Bedloes* picture.

I have been longer than ordinary relating this adventure, it being the firſt he ever made of this nature, and indeed the foundation of all his Extravagancies. But I had almoſt forgot to let the Reader know, that the Lady I have mentioned being of the Church of *Rome*, had, with the aſſiſtance of the beforeſaid Jeſuits, made him a thorow pac'd *Roman* Catholick

lick. By this time he had ſhaken off thoſe ſtrict chains which confined his wild paſſions, and now he runs through the various turnings and *Meanders* of Vice, whilſt the Jeſuits lead the way in the Helliſh *Career*. And when his Conſcience happen'd to get a ſtrain in the extravagant motion, they had rare Salves, and infallible Remedies at hand. They deluded him with the aſſurance, that the greateſt Cheats and wickedneſs he could commit againſt Hereticks, were not only juſt, but meritorious too. Thus principled, he degenerated in moſt extravagant lewd principles, having deſigns on all that came into his company. The *Engliſh Rogue* was his conſtant Companion and Guide, to which Book I refer the Reader for great part of his Life. I had quite finiſht this Treatiſe ere I ever ſaw that Book, but not long after, meeting with it by chance, and reading in it many adventures which were much the ſame with many that I had written of Mr. *Bedloe*, I again raced out that part of it, to avoid being ſuperfluous, and what I have here writ of him, I believe to be his own Originals.

So Paul *himſelf joyn'd with the worſer ſide,*
'Till heav'n miraculouſly turn'd the tide.
So the ſame Drug I have with wonder ſeen
Prove both a Poyſon, and a Medicine. CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How he wheadled a Taylor, and cheated a Gentleman of a gold Watch, and his Amorous intrigue with a Gentlewoman in Weſtminſter-Gate-Houſe.

BEing now apprehenſive of much danger from his numerous cheats (many of which for the aforementioned reaſon I have omitted) and having, ran deeply in his Landlords books, he took new Lodgings at a Barbers Houſe in *Holborn*, where he contrived his cloaths to be privatly conveyed. But the ſame Morning he went away, I will tell you how he cheated a Taylor of a rich Suit to the value of Thirty Pounds.

Mr. *Bedloe* had lay'd on the Table in his chamber a large purſe of money, which the Taylor having eyed did not doubt but it was deſigned to pay him withal, and therefore without any Scruple ſuffered him to try on the Suit, which when he had done, perceiving his Garters to be wanting, he ſeemed much concerned, asking if it wa'nt the faſhion to wear Garters.

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CHAP. V.

How he wheadled a Taylor, and cheated a Gentleman of a gold Watch, and his Amorous intrigue with a Gentlewoman in Westminster-Gate-House.

BEing now apprehensive of much danger from his numerous cheats (many of which for the aforementioned reason I have omitted) and having, ran deeply in his Landlords books, he took new Lodgings at a Barbers House in *Holborn*, where he contrived his cloaths to be privatly conveyed. But the same Morning he went away, I will tell you how he cheated a Taylor of a rich Suit to the value of Thirty Pounds.

Mr. *Bedloe* had lay'd on the Table in his chamber a large purse of money, which the Taylor having eyed did not doubt but it was designed to pay him withal, and therefore without any Scruple suffered him to try on the Suit, which when he had done, perceiving his Garters to be wanting, he seemed much concerned, asking if it wa'nt the fashion to wear Garters.

The Taylor ſcratching his head and ſtamping, blamed his treacherous memory that he had forgot them behind him, and deſiring his Patience, ſaid, he would go home and return with them immediately. In the mean time my Gentleman ſtrait took Coach; and when the Taylor came back and perceived himſelf ſo cheated, he fell into ſuch an extravagant raging fit that he tore his hair and cloaths, and as I have heard, would have hanged himſelf with the Garters, had he not been prevented by a young Lad of the Neighborhood, who hapned to overſee him. The report of this, gave occaſion to I know not what Rhimer to ſcribble this following Taunt.

Prethee tell me, Jack Taylor, *where aduce were thy brains,*
That to part with thy Cloaths, thou took'ſt ſuch great pains?
You left them perhaps with your Garters behind,
And to bring them together you fully deſign'd:
But at your return you found 'twas your fate,
That you came with both of them when 'twas too late.
Then tell me, Jack, *what you had beſt to do:*
Well! becauſe I love you, I'le let you know;
That

That you may for the future prevent further pains,
Take the Garters and hang up ſuch looſe Shatterd Brains.

Now Mr. *Bedloe*, according to his appointment, came to his new Lodgings; where by reaſon of his Gentile Carriage, and Rich Accouterment, he was taken to be a Perſon of ſome great Quality. The Next Morning his Landlord, as he was Trimming him, ſome wagiſh Diſcourſe concerning Women ariſing, told him he had lately ſeen the fineſt woman he beleived in *England*, one all over Charmes, and every way unworthy the Misfortune to which the Fates have Condemned her. With a little perſwaſion he Diſcovered, that ſhe was a cloſe Priſoner in *Weſtminſter-Gate-Houſe*, there ſecured for a ſmall Debt ſhe owed an old Uſurer; and added that it would be a piece of great generoſity, and worth the expence too, for ſome Young Gentleman to redeem her out of that cruel Bondage. To this Mr. *Bedloe* made no reply, but with himſelf reſolv'd to give her a viſit, as ſoon as he had manag'd the Intrigue he had in hand, which was as followeth.

Having Provided a Braſs Guilded To-

bacco Box (made exactly like a Golden one, he had obſerv'd a certain Lord to carry about him) ſo haſtens to a Coffee-Houſe, where according to his wiſh he meets with the ſaid Lord having his Box before him. After a ſhort Inſinuating Diſcourſe, he deſired leave of the Lord to fill his Pipe out of that Golden Box, which after he had done, he took occaſion to convey the Golden Box in his Pocket, and in the place of it reſtored the Guilded one. After he had taken about halfe a Pipe, but with much difficulty, not being accuſtomed to ſmoak, he went away undiſcoverd with this conſiderable Booty.

When he had play'd this bold cheat, he went very naturally of his own accord (where he deſerv'd to be ſent) to the Priſon, and deſir'd to ſpeak a word or two with Mrs. *Suſanna* (for ſo the Young Woman was called which the Barber ſomuch commended to him) when firſt ſhe came near his Preſence, with the admiration of her excellent Beauty he grew almoſt Speechleſs. Her dying rowling eyes were much blacker than Sloes, her face was plump and round, in her Cheeks had Nature planted thoſe two Beauteous Flowers the Roſe and Lily, which there contended

tended for Victory. Her plump ſwelling Breſts, where *Cupid* lay in ambuſh, were a Hillock cover'd with Snow, onely far more white, and in ſhort, there was not any part of her but what was admirable even to Amazement.

When he had Recollected himſelf, he took her by the hand and ſaluted her cherry Lips, to which he clings as cloſe as a dry Seal to the ſofteſt wax. He told her he was brought thither by the great character he had heard of her Incomparable Forme, which ſure the Gods never deſign'd ſhould be cloiſter'd between thoſe Dark Walls. He askt her by what ſiniſter chance ſhe was brought to that unworthy place, and aſſur'd her if an hundred Pounds, or a greater ſum, would Redeem her, he had it at her ſervice. With a ſmiling modeſty ſhe anſwer'd him, that ſhe knew nothing in her that could perſwade her to believe ſuch promiſes could poſſibly be real; that ſhe was a miſerable Maiden, who had ever been the ſport of every Cruel Fate. And that though the fourth part of 100 Pounds would diſcharge all her Debts, yet from her own Relations ſhe could not hope ſo much; eſpecially from one who was altogether a ſtranger to her. Then ſhe entered into a Tedious

Diſcourſe of her Kindred and their miſfortunes; what chance brought her to *London*, how ſhe ſpent her time there, and ſeveral other Paſſages ſhe Diſcovered, which the brevity I deſign, denies me leave to Tranſcribe. At laſt he took her into his Arms, aſſuring her with a thouſand Vows that he was ſincere. And having mutually agreed on an amorous bargain, he took his leave of her that night, promiſing her faithfully to bring Moneys the next Morning for her Redemption.

But when the Morning was come, inſtead of viſiting the Impriſon'd *Lady*, he was put to the neceſſity of ſending for a Phyſitian, having taken a ſurfeit the night before by Eating of ſtale Lobſters. But Six days after, when he had indifferently well Recovered his Health, he went furniſht with Moneys to her to perform what he had before promiſed. He waited about half an hour e're he could obtain the ſight of her, for ſhe ſo much Reſented his being worſe then his word, that ſhe Reſolv'd not to come near him. He underſtanding this, grew ten times Eagerer, and at laſt thought it convenient to give a ſmall Fee to the Under-Goaler, who not without ſome Difficulty brought her into his Company. At the ſight of her

he

he immediately grew like one that was Thunder-ſtruck, or as if he had lookt upon a *Gorgons* Head. By the features of her Face, and turn of her Body, he knew her to be the fair *Suſanna*, but her Attire and Garbe (before very ordinary) did now appear ſo rich and coſtly, that he began to imagine that he had met with another *German* Princeſs. Her Gown was Crimzon Sattin, Interwoven with various Flowers of Gold and Silver, having a Bodice to it more richly Embroidered. Nor was the Attire of her Head, and the reſt of her Cloaths, leſs Pompous and Rich. He told her he was not a little overjoyed to ſee the caſe ſo much altered with her, and that he hop'd ſhe would be no longer cloiſter'd in that pitchy cell, whoſe Beauty deſerv'd to ſhine in ſome Princes Palace; then he approacht to Salute her, which ſhe ſcornfully refus'd, by turning herſelf from him; but he taking her by the hand, with ſuch convincing Arguments made his Apology for his Delay, and declared his Paſſion for her with ſuch happy Rhetorick that ſhe ſtrait acknowledged herſelf not onely Reconciled to him, but likewiſe to be extreamly ſmitten by his Perſon. Then they fell into a hot fit of Kiſſing, and continued Languiſhing in each others Arms,

till having abated each others heat, he had leaſure to hear and ſhe to Relate this following Diſcourſe. Had you given me to underſtand (ſaid ſhe) by Letter, or any other means, the reaſon of your abſence, no man living ſhould have tempted me to break that promiſe I firſt of all made to you. But thinking you had utterly caſt me out of your Remembrance, I confeſs I have Entertain'd a Rich Young Merchant of the City, on the ſame Conditions you firſt of all offered me. It was he Furniſhed me with theſe Cloaths you ſee, he has paid all my Debts and promiſed to be here this Afternoon with Money to Diſcharge my Fees and Quarters; I do own he is a Perſon I have not the leaſt kindneſs for, being more deformed than ever I ſaw a Monſter, nor could any thing but meer neceſſity have compelled me to ſuch a Bargain. Then, Madam, Replyed Mr. *Bedloe*, let us contrive our buſineſs to the beſt advantage. Give me leave to free you from this Diſmal place before he Returns to claim your promiſe. So may you *gratis* enjoy the benefit of his Bounty. After a tedious Diſcourſe, and a thouſand fair promiſes, he prevailed with her to give the ſham to her abſent Gallant, and having diſcharg'd her quarters, which

came

came to about Nine Pounds, he brought her to a Private Lodging in *Drury-Lane*, where he lay three Nights with her, and Treated her very nobly. But being then called away by ſome other Intrigue he had then in hand, he deſired her to excuſe his Abſence for three or four days: but e'er he went with her away, he called for a Piece of Paper, and almoſt Extempory writ theſe following Verſes. Which he ſealed up, and deſired a Servant to deliver the Merchant at his Return.

Slow Merchant! ſince thou mad'ſt ſo long a ſtay,
Thy Ship has hoiſt up Sails and gon her way.
No more of Fate, the Merchants Goddeſs, boaſt;
For all thou ventera'ſt in that Bottom's loſt.
Yet though ſhe never will Return again,
Blame not her Stars, but of thy own complain.
She ſafe will in ſome Friendly Harbour ſtand,
Whilſt thou'rt more ſadly Shipwrack'd here on land.
Nay, to Defend her from the leaſt of Harms,
This night ſhe'll lie at anchor in my arms.

Mr. *Bedloe* and his Miſtris were not gon above halfe an hour, but in came the Young Merchant brim full of expectation,

ere

ere he had time to enquire for Miſtriſs *Su-ſanna* the ſaid Letter was delivered to him, which when he read, he broak out into ſuch a raging Madneſs, as if he had been Poſſeſt with a whole Legion of Furies. The Goaler finding him ſo to continue, ſent for a Phyſitian, who ordered a Vein to be breathed, and his head to be ſhaved, and kept him there a Twelve Moneth under his hands, ere he brought him to his right mind.

When Mr. *Bedloe* had finiſht the buſineſs he went about, with what haſte he could he returned to her Lodgings, where he eſpied before the Door a large guilded Coach, with ſix *Flanders* Mares, which by the Liveries he knew to belong to the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, he immediately underſtood that he was in private with his Miſtriſs; and walking in the next Roome to them, full of jealouſy and Paſſion, ſhe came and took him aſide, and beged him not to take it ill that ſhe had entertained that Gentleman, ſhe told him that he was no leſs Perſon then the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, who, as ſhe was walking in Saint *James's Park*, againſt her will Intruded into her Company, and at laſt forc't the Complement on her of bringing her home to her Lodgings, nor did it at all Repent her of

any

any kindneſs ſhe had ſhewn him, it having already procured her a conſiderable reward, and fair promiſes of greater: Then taking out of her Pocket a delicate Bugle purſe with forty *Jacobus*'s in it, ſhe counted to him twenty of them, and aſſured him, that theſe new amours ſhould not any thing leſſen, but rather encreaſe her favours towards him; that ſhe was promiſed a ſettlement of five hundred pounds a year, of which he might expect to ſhare; that he ſhould uſe the ſame manner of freedom with her as formerly, and lodge in the ſame houſe with her; and to prevent all jealouſie, ſhe deſired him to call her Siſter. Mr. *Bedloe* having returned her his thanks, declared himſelf to be extreamly ſatisfied for the good fortune he had met withall. Not long after, but under the notion of a Brother, ſhe made him acquainted with the ſaid Ambaſſador, who much delighted in his Company, and gave him a promiſe of any favours that lay in his power.

This Ambaſſador had not been acquainted with her above half a year (in which time he preſented her with many rich preſents) but he was called for home by his Moſt Catholick Maſter: but upon this

this young Lady he had ſo ſettled his affections, that he brought her along with him, who parted with Mr. *Bedloe* not without ſighs and tears; and having given him a preſent of fifty *Guinies*, ſhe promiſed to continue him always in her remembrance, which ſhe faithfully performed as long as ſhe lived (which was no more then a Twelve-month after her departure) by ſending Letters to him, and Preſents at every opportunity. Amongſt the reſt of his Papers I met with this Letter, of which I will here give you a Copy.

My deareſt *Bedloe!*

ALthough I am here incircled with all the grandure, with all the wealth and greatneſs a Womans heart can covet, and without any Rival too I enjoy my Lords Embraces, yet by the thoughts of your abſence are all my enjoyments imbitter'd, and my moſt exalted raptures rendered flat and languid. But I live on the hopes, that it will not be long ere we meet again, for my Lords Secretary is in likelihood of being ſuddenly Marryed, in whoſe place, if you will accept of it, I am promiſed you ſhall ſucceed. Then under the notion of my Brother, you may unſuſpected enjoy your former

free-

freedom with me, and I ſhall reckon my ſelf the moſt ſatisfied, happieſt Woman in the world. I have ſent you by this Bearer an hundred Crowns, which I hope with this Letter will come ſafe to your hands, and at the firſt opportunity that offers it ſelf, you ſhall be ſure to hear farther from your moſt faithful aſſured friend

Suſanna.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How he cheated an Alderman of an hundred pounds. How with the assistance of the Jesuits, he cheated a Doctor of two hundred pounds.

AFter these Adventures I have related to you, he lived for sometime on the square, but when he perceived his purse to decline to a very low Ebb, he set his wits a working again how to recruit it. One afternoon as he was walking through *Cheapside*, with his head full of thought, at the *Sun-Tavern* Door he met with an old Alderman, whom he had often seen before, and knew to be a rich Usurer. He entred the *Tavern*, having saluted him on the way, and at the Bar enquired for a Gentleman he before knew could not possibly be there; when the Drawer returned him answer that there was not any such man in the House, he came very complementally to the Alderman, and said, he would be glad to drink a Glass of Wine with him:

The

The Alderman reply'd, That he would with all his heart; for ſaid he, I wait for a friend as well as your ſelf, who has not been punctual to the time appointed. They had ſcarce enter'd a room, but the Alderman's Friend came after 'em, who ſate down and was very jolly for about half an hour, Mr. *Bedloe* entertaining 'em with pleaſant merry Diſcourſe. Having in this time inſinuated himſelf into their good opinion of him, he took out his own Watch, which, he ſaid, went too ſlow, and deſir'd the favour of the Alderman to let him know what time of the day it was by his, the Alderman on this produc'd a large Gold Watch, which without fear of any deſign, he delivered to Mr. *Bedloe*'s hands, who having prais'd the faſhion of it, and the ingenious workmanſhip, deſired to know for how much Money it was bought, and at whate rate he valued it. The Alderman reply'd, that it ſtood him in fifty *Guynnies*, at which Mr. *Bedloe*, laying down ſo much Gold, and his own Watch before him, deſir'd the favour of him to ſpare his Watch for about half an hour on that ſecurity; for, ſaid he, my Watch-maker lives no farther than in the next ſtreet, to whom I would willingly give a ſight

of

of this, that he might make me another exactly like it; with all my heart, reply'd the Alderman, to do you a kindneſs. Mr. *Bedloe* now having the Watch in his poſſeſſion, lookt out of the window, and told the Alderman, that the weather was ſomething foul, and that the lend of his Coach would be a great kindneſs to him. The Alderman having drank himſelf to an extraordinary kind humour, very readily granted it, and calling for his Coachman, commanded him to be at the Gentlemans Service. When he was ſeated in the Coach, he ordered the man to drive him to his Maſters Houſe, where when he alighted, he preſently met with the Lady of the Houſe. Underſtanding who ſhe was, he told her that he came from the Alderman her Husband, with Orders to receive of her an hundred pounds, when he had ſhewn her the Watch, and ſhe underſtood that he came thither in her Husbands Coach, without the leaſt ſcruple ſhe counted him the money he demanded; which when he had receiv'd, he obſerv'd by her great earneſtneſs to have him ſtay longer, and by her wanton looks and looſe carriage, that ſhe was a very amorous Gentlewoman, and had a months mind to do him a farther

kind-

kindneſs: but at that time he thought it not to be at all convenient, and therefore with what ſpeed he could, took his leave of her Ladyſhip: and returning without delay to the Alderman's Company, reſtor'd him his Watch, took up the pawn, and in a ſhort time after took his leave, without being the leaſt ſuſpected.

There was a place appointed where once every week he uſed to meet the two Jeſuits I before-mentioned, their buſineſs was to give each other an account of their paſt adventures, and lay new platforms for future ones. Though they acknowledg'd his invention to be extreamly prolifick, and that he was highly fortunate in the conduct and management of an intrigue, yet they would by no means allow him the ſuperiority; for he only cheated people of their Moneys, theſe both of their Moneys and their Souls too. They were the genuine and true ſworn Sons of St. *Omers*, who perfectly underſtood all the various Games of Trap, and to put on more different forms than *Proteus* of old ever dream'd of. You might one while have ſeen 'em working on a Taylors Stall, another time in a Shoe-makers Shop, that amongſt all ſorts of People

they might the eaſier diſperſe their Jeſuitical Principles. But of all their diſguiſes, that of a Phyſitian was moſt frequent and moſt advantagious, under that pretence they had the opportunity of viſiting all ſorts of People; thoſe that were Proteſtants, on their Death-beds they endeavour'd to pervert, by preſcribing 'em an eaſie way of ſatisfying their Conſciences. And when-ever they meet with a rich *Roman Catholick*, they ſeldom fail to ſqueze out of him a good Legacy (as they pretend) for the Church, though they commonly convert it to their own private uſes. They were very frequent in the *Quakers* Meeting-Houſes, where they were accuſtomed, after a ſly manner, to Preach their Popiſh Notions: And on a pretence of Poverty, they ſeldom fail'd of a gathering amongſt the eaſie Friends and charitable Brotherhood. Were it not beſide my preſent deſign, I could give an account of twenty more of their Cheats; however I beg leave to relate this following one, becauſe Mr. *Bedloe* was a partner in it.

Mr. *Bedloe*, and the aforeſaid Jeſuits, Father *Johnſon*, and *Harman*, underſtanding that one *Lyctor* —— had two hundred

dred pounds lying in a certain Goldſmith's hand of the City, reſolv'd on this following method to make themſelves Maſters of it. Mr. *Bedloe* having dreſt himſelf in the Garb of a Serving-man, came about midnight, knocking very vehemently at the *Doctor*'s Houſe, who at that time hap'ning to be up a preparing ſome Medicines, came himſelf to the Door, and demanded the buſineſs. Mr. *Bedloe* anſwered, that he belonged to one Sir *James Samborn*, whoſe Lady, he ſaid, was ſuddenly taken with vehement ſwouning fits, and that his Maſter, having lately receiv'd great benefit by taking of his Pills, and hearing of what wonderful Cures he had in ſeveral places perform'd, deſired his aſſiſtance for his Lady with all poſſible ſpeed. He farther added, that he hoped neither the unſeaſonableneſs of the time, nor the farneſs of the way (naming the place where he pretended the Lady liv'd) would hinder him from performing ſo good an Office; and as for the reward, he aſſur'd him, it ſhould be extraordinary, and beyond his expectation.

The *Doctor* anſwer'd, That no time could be unſeaſonable wherein to do any good Office, eſpecially ſuch a one which

belong'd to his Profeſſion, but his greateſt fear was that a Coach could not be procur'd at that time of night. But Mr. *Bedloe* eaſily remov'd this ſcruple, by letting him know, that at his Door, his Ladaies Sedan lay waiting for him. Then having enquir'd more ſtrictly concerning the ſuppoſed Ladies Diſtemper, and having furniſhed himſelf with Medicines accordingly, he ſeated himſelf in the Sedan, overjoy'd with the expectation of a good weighty Fee; but it hapned that his two Bearers were the two dangerous Jeſuits, who carry'd him to the place they before agreed on amongſt themſelves. When they had conducted him up a dark pair of Stairs, they immediately gag'd him, and then told him, that though indeed they knew of no Lady that wanted his aſſiſtance, yet that they three did extreamly long for the two hundred pounds of his, which lay in ſuch a Goldſmiths poſſion, of which longing, if he would Cure 'em, inſtead of a Fee he ſhould have his liberty, or elſe they bid him prepare for a Journey to the *Elizian* Fields. By his mighty ſtrugling he intimated his great averſneſs to ſuch a propoſal, but Father *Harman* having in one of his hands a long ſharp-pointed Knife,

and

and in the other Pen, Ink, and Paper, proteſted, that unleſs he would write immediately a Letter with ſuch circumſtances to the Goldſmith, that would upon ſight procure 'em the ſaid Moneys, that Engine ſhould reach to the bottom of his heart. The *Doctor* at laſt perceiving the neceſſity, after he had ſcratched his head, and fetch'd a deep grievous ſigh, took the pen and writ this following Epiſtle.

Worthy Sir,

THE two hundred pounds of mine which lies dormant in your hands, I do authorize you to ſurrender to this heroick Bearer, John Stanhop *Eſq; he is a perſon of ſuch a purify'd and calcin'd reputation, that his individual obligation will be ſecurity ſufficiently authentick, which I do perrogate you to accept of, and retain the Bond in your cuſtody 'till our next interview. When for all and ſingular your many favours to me, you ſhall be ſure to be redentigrated by the moſt devoted of your ſervants.*

Poſtſcript.

THE Diaphoretick Medicament I promiſed to ſend your Spouſe for the

mitigation of the nocturnal dolours in her ſiniſter ſide, I could not ſend according to my promiſe, by reaſon of a late fracture which hapned in my Elimbick, but ſome time to morrow ſhe ſhall be ſure to have it, with ſome Emplaſtrums, her Caries, Cardones, and Acrocardones.

Mr. *Bedloe*, attended by Father *Johnſon*, carry'd this Letter to the Goldſmith; who had no ſooner perus'd it, but by the writing and ſeal, he knew it to come from the Doctor, and ſo without any doubting, or heſitation, deliver'd the Money, according to the contents of the Letter he received. When they had ſecur'd this Money, about Midnight they carry'd the Doctor into *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, where bound and gag'd they left him to the mercy of the weather. The Watch not long after came by, and unty'd him. But to make any ſtrict ſearch after theſe offenders, they knew it was in vain, who were by that time ſecurely hous'd, and dividing the ſpoil.

In *London* there are a multitude of idle Perſons, who having little to do, make uſe of every occaſion to ſhew, as they think it, their wit; one of which, I ſuppoſe, ſcribbled theſe Dogrell lines.

Let

Let not this late miſhap, Doctor, *break thy heart!*
'Tis but reaſon all Trades ſhould practiſe their Art.
Blame not Cheats, which your ſelf, you know, uſe ev'ry day,
Altho' more legally, perhaps, than they.
Theſe Sparks do deſire but our Moneys, or ſo,
Whilſt you pick our Purſes, and Murther us too.
Nay you have procured a Licenſe to kill,
And ſpread through the Kingdom your Quick-ſilver Pill,
Which ſeal'd up in delicate twelve-penny Boxes
For Dropſies, Siatica's, Gout, Claps and Poxes,
Have Cram'd our Church-yards ſo full ev'ry where,
That poor folks can hardly get any room there.
But what's this, you'l ſay, to the two hundred pound?
Well, I ſay this; If the Rogues can be found,
And if you deſign 'em the worſt of all ills,
Let each take a large Doſe of your Friendly Pills.

CHAP. VII.

Of his intrigues with his Landlady, a Cutlers Wife in Fleeſtreet. *And how under the notion of Ambaſſadors Steward, he impoſed on an Upholſterer.*

MR. *Bedloe* now well fraighted with Moneys, and all other neceſſaries, he return'd to his Lodgings (I don't mean to the Barbers I before ſpoke of, for ſince that time he chang'd his Lodgings above a dozen times) but to a *Cutler*'s in *Fleet-ſtreet*, whoſe Wife was a comely genteel Young Woman. With continual courtſhip, very coſtly treats, and a promiſe of beſtowing on her fifty *Guinnies*, he ſtrove to tempt her to a debauch, which ſhe for a while reſiſted, with a firm conſtancy, but tyr'd at laſt with the frequency of his importunities, ſhe made a diſcovery to her Husband of the whole concern, who being a moſt wretched covetous Fellow, out of lucre to the fifty *Guinnies*, adviſed her to ſeem to approve of the propoſal, and the better

ter to carry on the deſign, he told her that he would pretend to take a journey into the Country, but would indeed with another friend lurk privately underneath the bed, and that when he had deliver'd her the *Guinnies*, and juſt ready to enjoy, they would on a ſudden break out of the Ambuſh, and not only ſecure the aforeſaid Moneys, but likewiſe force him to whatever compoſition they pleas'd. She conſenting to this Stratagem, he ſent for one of his next Neighbors, whom he made privy to the whole concern, and giving him a Bill under his hand of five pounds for his aſſiſtance; they both convey'd themſelves, arm'd with good Cudgels, under the Bed. Not long after, Mr. *Bedloe* enter'd uſhering in his Landlady, and having bolted the Door, full of luſt and paſſion, he ſoon threw her on the Bed, where he kiſs'd and embrac'd her, laying one hand between her Breaſts, whilſt with the other he endeavour'd to take up her Cloaths, which ſhe held by force, and proteſted he ſhould not meddle with her, till he had perform'd his promiſe. He ſoon perceiving what ſhe meant, deliver'd to her a Purſe with fifty *Guinnies* in it; Now going to enjoy her, he perceiv'd the whiſpering of ſome one under the

the Bed, at which being much ſurpriz'd, he drew his Sword and Piſtol, and lay'd 'em on the Bed by him. She asking him aloud, what he deſign'd by thoſe Arms, he ſaid, they were to defend himſelf from any that would dare to interrupt thoſe pleaſures he was about to reap; that he was no Cully to be trapan'd or wheedled by any one, and he would ſooner loſe his life than be diſappointed of thoſe pleaſures which he had ſo dearly purchas'd, and before hand paid for. The timerous Cuckold her Husband, by ſuch harſh expreſſions almoſt thrown into a ſwoun, held his Neighbour faſt by the arm, who ſtrove to come to her reſcue. And he continu'd in that fearful poſture, 'till ſhe at laſt no longer able, between fear and luſt, to reſiſt his inticements, ſeem'd to take equal pleaſure in their repeated Careſſes. Now having plentifully ſatisfy'd himſelf for that preſent time, he convey'd his hand into her pocket, and took out the Gold he had before given her, with which he went off without any reſiſtance. Upon this there hapned ſuch a difference between the Husband and Wife, which will never be forgot; but the pleaſanteſt humour was between her Husband and his Neighbour that lay

un-

under the bed with him, for he refuſing to pay the five pound Bill, was queſtioned for it by Law, which proceeding to a Tryal, made no ſmall ſport in the Court, where every paſſage was diſcover'd. I have heard an humour ſomewhat like this of an *Oxford* Baker, and for what I know it may be true of both, it being impoſſible for the moſt fertile invention to find out any thing that is altogether new; but I am very confident it is moſt true of Mr. *Bedloe*, I having had it from under his own hand, with this following diſcant.

Of all the Cuckolds famous London *bred,*
None took ſuch pains, whilſt his dear horns were made,
Sweating and toiling under th' conſcious Bed.

Knowing his Wife too heavy limn'd was grown,
With lab'ring back he heav'd her up and down,
An Art to learned Whetſtone *yet unknown.*

To this old Seignior Spur muſt yield the day,
And all the rhetorick Mounſieur Rod can ſay,
This is a newer and an eaſier way.

Not long after this, having by chance read in the *Gazett*, that the Emperour of *Germany* was to ſend over an Embaſſador to the King of Great *Britain*, he, whoſe inventions was ever buſie and able from the leaſt circumſtance to raiſe matter for the greateſt cheat, reſolv'd to perſonate the Steward of that Embaſſadour, and to pretend himſelf ſent before to provide conveniencies againſt his Maſters coming; firſt of all he concluded it beſt to ſeek out Lodgings, which were yet unfurniſhed, which when he had done and gave earneſt for ſo much a year, he askt his Landlord if he could adviſe him to an honeſt Upholſterer that could furniſh him with goods fit for the repreſentative of ſuch a Mighty Prince; the Gentleman ſaid, that in the next Street there liv'd an acquaintance of his, who would furniſh him to his wiſh; and being overjoy'd with the opportunity (as he apprehended) of obliging his friend, by helping him to ſuch a Cuſtomer, conducted

ducted him with all haſte to the Upholſterers Shop, who being inform'd to what great perſon he belong'd, and on promiſe of being a fuller Cuſtomer, ſoon ſtruck up a bargain for eightſcore pounds worth of Goods. There were rich flower'd Curtains, Silken Rugs, Arras Hangings, and other rich Furniture. Mr. *Bedloe* aſſur'd him, that the day following he did expect his Maſter, wherefore he ought not to fail to ſet all things in readineſs that Evening. Then taking out ſome Papers, which he pretended were Bills for ſeveral thouſand pounds he was going to receive, told his Landlord that to his care he left the management of that affair, who, together with the Upholſterer did engage that every thing ſhould be perform'd according to his deſire. In the dusk of the Evening he return'd to the aforeſaid Lodgings, where according to promiſe all the Goods were brought; all which, (the man of the Houſe being abroad, and his Wife ill above ſtairs) he had immediately convey'd to a Chamber in the *Temple*, which the Gentleman that own'd it, at his going into the Country, left in his poſſeſſion. When the Upholſterer underſtood that he was ſtrangely gull'd, both with

the

the concern of ſo great a loſs, and with the diſcourſe of People, who in ſuch a caſe are more apt to ſcoff and jeer, than really to pitty a man's misfortune, he almoſt ran diſtracted; but above all he was concerned at this ſcurvy Libel, which riſing one morning early to open his Shop, he found paſted on his door, for which he had in ſuſpition a waggiſh 'Prentice that liv'd near him.

Reader,
If you would know what lies interred here,
'Tis th' Credit of a crackt Upholſterer,
A thing to Hangings and ſuch trump'ry ty'd,
With them it liv'd, and with them too it dy'd.
Wonder not then it left this World ſo young,
Hav'ing liv'd too ſwiftly to continue long.
From too much health it's ſickneſs firſt was bred,
And dy'd becauſe it could not keep its bed.
And now alas, no one knows where 'tis gone,
Nor can it hope a Reſurrection.

Unhappy Man! I thy hard fate condole,
A Tradeſ-man's Credit b'ing his life and ſoul.

With

With it thou art thy ſelf as bad as dead,
And muſt in Goal (the worſt of Graves)
be laid.
For when thy Creditors thy fate will know,
They'l join againſt thee as a common foe.
As when two Kine fall out, th' whole
Herd will ſtare,
And gaze, expecting th' iſſue of the War;
But if one chance to puſh the other down,
All joyn their force againſt the captive
one.

Well, Reader, to requite you for the pains
Of reading theſe rude undigeſted lines,
Let me adviſe you for to enter here,
And if the Landlord ventures to appear;
You may perhaps a mighty bargain get,
For I preſume this Shop is to be let.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How he Cheated his Sempſtris. Of his intrigue with an Heireſs of a conſiderable Fortune.

HE was ſo well read and experienc'd in the Art of Phyſiognomy, That by the looks of People he could ſhrewdly gueſs who were moſt apt and eaſieſt to be impos'd on. And once as he was walking along *Popes-head-alley* in the New Exchange, tho' ſeveral on the way did importune him to buy their Ware, he fixed at a Sempſtriſſes Shop, who he found facile and eaſie according to his wiſh, and the promiſe of her complection. He having bargain'd with her for ſo much lac'd Linnen as came to twenty pounds, perſwaded her, that he was a Student of the *Inner-Temple*; and making an excuſe for not having Moneys enough about him, deſir'd her to ſend one of her Servants with him to his Chamber to receive it. She was an amorous brisk young Woman, and being mightily taken with his converſation and perſon, was

was very glad of the opportunity of being with him in private, and told him that if he pleas'd, her ſelf would wait upon him. With that he call'd for a Coach, and brought her to the ſame Chamber in the *Temple*, where not long before he had diſpos'd of the Upholſterer's Goods. To prevent all ſuſpition he emptied on the Table a large purſe of Money, which whilſt he was counting over, She took occaſion to look over her dear Laces, to take her laſt farewell of 'em, but finding that one of the ruffles was wanting, (for deſignedly by ſlight of hand he had convey'd it into his pocket) ſhe cry'd, Lord, what have I done? I have left one of the Ruffles behind me in my Shop. I am very ſorry for it, replyed Mr. *Bedloe*; but I know no other way, unleſs you will take the trouble on you of going your ſelf to fetch it. In the mean time your Money ſhall be ready told for you, and I will ſend for ſome Wine and Sweet-meats againſt your return. Without fear of any Cheat, ſhe went back to her Shop, and when ſhe could have no tidings of what ſhe ſought, ſhe return'd to the Gentlemans Chamber with great haſte, and greater diſcontent. But alas, this was not any thing in reſpect of her after-trou-

ble, for when ſhe knockt at his door, which ſhe found locked, and none there to anſwer, ſhe grew amaz'd and ſpeechleſs as a Marble Statue, and ſate at the Stairs, weeping and wounding the Air with her ſighs. Once or twice every day, for about a week together, either ſhe or her Servant came knocking at the door, but at laſt meeting with a Gentleman who had a Chamber near this, ſhe related to him the whole ſtory, and how unworthily the Gentleman of that Chamber had ſerv'd her: This Gentleman anſwered, that he was very confident there was ſome miſtake in the thing, for he that own'd that Chamber was not only a perſon of quality, but one of an unſpotted reputation and credit; beſides that it was well known he had left the Town more than half a year ago. At this news ſhe cry'd and ſtampt, and walkt about in ſuch a raging manner, that the Gentleman believ'd her to be really diſtracted; and threatned to have her puniſht for raiſing ſuch a notorious ſcandal of his honeſt friend. But when at laſt ſhe came to her right mind, ſhe did ſo rationally deſcribe the man; and diſcover'd the whole buſineſs with ſuch convincing circumſtances, that he was now perſuaded

ded that the poor young woman was really abus'd, either by ſomebody that his friend had intruſted his Key withall, or that had one made on purpoſe for this end; And now extreamly pittying the woman, he aſſur'd her if he ſhould at any time happen to meet with ſuch a perſon, he would uſe the utmoſt of his power to have him ſecur'd. But Mr. *Bedloe*, who did the buſineſs, was too hard for them all; for after he had perform'd any conſiderable Cheat, it was his cuſtom to change his former Garb, and Lodgings too, when he apprehended it neceſſary. One would think he had already done her injury enough in Cheating her of ſo much Linnen, but he proceeded farther, to the utter ruine of her Credit. For having writ theſe ſubſequent Lines, he order'd 'em to be convey'd into the Key-hole of the ſaid door, where he underſtood the Exchange-Woman made many ſuperfluous Viſits.

With ſuch injuſtice, Sempſtris, act no more!
Conſtantly batt'ring the deaf harmleſs dore.
Nor taint my credit with the falſe report,
That I'd your Linnen without paying for't.

Whereas you know in currant Coyn I paid thee,
When on my Bed and on thy back I lay'd thee.
Beſides, I've taught thee wit; for I dare ſwear,
You'l henceforth be more careful of your ware.

In the ſame Houſe with him in the *Savoy*, an old humourſome Country Juſtice and his Daughter took up their Lodgings, ſhe was his only Child and Heir, and a Lady ſufficiently beautiful, young, briſk and witty, tho' by reaſon of her fathers extream ſeverity (which he exercis'd over her with more than an *Italian* tyranny) ſhe wanted the opportunity of improving theſe gifts of Nature. Dancing he us'd to own, was indeed a convenient accompliſhment, and that he would beſtow charges of it on his Daughter, if any Woman could be found that would inſtruct her in his own Houſe, but as for theſe Men-teachers, he took 'em to be ſuch briſk Magnetick fellows, that he would not willingly truſt his child in the ſame ſtreet with one. Then as for writing and reading, they are things he eſteemed no leſs pernicious,

ous, the one corrupting the mind through thoſe amorous intrigues which are found in Romance Books, the other giving too much opportunity for young Ladies to convey their inclinations to their Gallants, by the ſecret proxy of a Letter; but although for theſe reaſons he never ſuffer'd her to go to School, yet her Mother, contrary to his Orders and knowledg, taught her both to read and write indifferently well. Her Father was ſo jealous and watchful of her, that he ſeldom ſuffer'd her to be abſent from his ſight, and to be ſure, as he thought, of keeping her chaſte, he order'd her to have a Bed in the ſame room with himſelf. But this ſeverity of his did render her ten times the eagerer, and made her reſolve to taſte of Man the firſt opportunity ſhe could meet with. In the Chamber oppoſite to hers Mr. *Bedloe* lay, by whom he as uſed to paſs by, ſhe was ſo extreamly ſmitten, that ſhe ſpent above a fortnight in plotting how to inſinuate her ſelf into his acquaintance, her cuſtome was, whilſt ſhe was dreſſing, to leave open her Chamber door, and if he hapned to come by the whilſt, ſhe would faſhion her ſelf to the moſt amorous poſture ſhe could contrive. Whilſt the Maid us'd

to make his Bed, ſhe would come often into his room, and take much delight in viewing his Cloaths, and other things of his, which lay looſely ſcatter'd about the Chamber; and one time above the reſt, ſhe took his pen in hand, and on a piece of Paper, which lay on his Table, ſhe very readily writ theſe following lines.

Hard-hearted Men too little care
What preſſing weights we women bear,
Who in our higheſt paſſions can
But languiſh, ſigh, and wiſh for Man.
To love I am ſo much enclin'd,
(If he I fancy proves unkind)
'Twill be beyond the pow'r of Art,
To ſave my broken Virgin-Heart.

When Mr. *Bedloe* had perus'd theſe Verſes, both by the hand and ſpelling, he immediately concluded 'em to be writ by a Woman, but who ſhe was, or how they were convey'd into his Chamber was ſufficient matter for his wonder, yet he ſpent not much time on this conſideration, but ſtrait took up his Pen, and thus employ'd his Muſe.

Cupid,

Cupid, *the meaning of theſe lines impart.*
And ſtrip 'em bare and naked as thou art.
Did them thy Mothers Silver pen prepare,
And then convey'd 'em on thy arrow here?
Or were they ſent ſome happy man to ſee,
And but in a miſtake did light on me?
So may the Author fraughted with loves charms,
Looſe her way too in th' circle of my arms.
In the mean while I muſt embrace the air,
And be in love ev'n with my own deſpair.
Once fond Narciſſus *ſo in love was grown*
With a thin ſhaddow, that himſelf grew one,
But he had firſt a faithful Nymph undone.
But, Love, what harm did I thy Godhead do,
That I muſt love I know not what, nor who?

He had hardly read over what he had writ, but in came his Landlords Serving-Maid, who being ſtrictly queſtion'd, ſtifly deny'd that ſhe knew any thing of thoſe Verſes, tho' at laſt between threats and endearments, he brought her to a diſcovery of the whole concern. And

at laſt deſiring him to commiſerate the unhappy Condition of a paſſionate Lady, (ſeeing he who was the Cauſe, could alone be the Cure) ſhe aſſur'd him her aſſiſtance in bringing 'em together, and vow'd to lock up all their ſecrets in a faithful breaſt. To be brief, on the ſame night, between twelve and one of the Clock, this Lady perceiving her Father by his uſual ſnoring to be in a ſound ſleep, roſe ſtealingly out of her Bed, and having looſely wrapt about her only her Morning-Gown; She was conducted by the aforeſaid Maid into Mr. *Bedloe*'s Chamber, who well knew with what ſoft expreſſions and tender embraces an unexperienc'd Virgin was to be entertain'd, and at this firſt interview gave her ſuch unexpreſſable ſatisfaction, that ſhe made uſe of all opportunities to have the ſame happineſs repeated. A contract of Marriage was mutually agreed upon, and he waited only to be more certainly informed, if ſhe was really ſo great a fortune as fame had reported her; at laſt being well ſatisfy'd by a friend of his, who was her Neighbour, that ſhe was the only heir to eight hundred pounds a year, the time and place they appointed for the Wedding, and all con-

venien-

veniencies were provided in order to it. But the perfidious Maid, who I told you was privy to all their Adventures, grew at laſt ſo impudent, that by her wanton carriage, and obſcene diſcourſes in private with Mr. *Bedloe*, ſhe gave him to underſtand that ſhe expected (as in juſtice) to ſhare of theſe pleaſures which not without her help he enjoy'd on his Miſtreſs, but perceiving her ſelf in this reſpect neglected, and finding her bribes and Fees, which at firſt were extraordinary, now to be diſcontinu'd, fully fraighted with envy and covetouſneſs (for ſhe expected no ſmall reward for the Treachery) ſhe haſtned to the Old Juſtice, and diſcovered to him the eminent danger which was juſt falling on his Daughter. The old man at the news grew rampant as a provokt Lyon, and with a thouſand execrations damn'd his unlucky fortune; ere he had breath'd out half his fury, his unwary Daughter entred the room, whom he accoſted with ſuch ſevere expreſſions, and hardly refraining from blows, that ſhe immediately fell into a very dangerous ſwouning fit. When the old Man had call'd back her departing ſpirits, with many fair promiſes in favour to her love, he ſtrait took her behind

hind him and rid home to *Devonſhire*, with all poſſible ſpeed, where ſhe ſpent her time, like *April*, in lowring and weeping, till at length another ſervant was provided for her, whom ſhe fancy'd mightily to reſemble Mr. *Bedloe*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How he impos'd on Country Gentlemen, by his pretending to write a Book of Heraldry. With his ingenious Cheat on a Knight of Oxfordſhire.

MR. *Bedloe* by this time grown weary of the Town, reſolv'd in the Country to try the fortune of his wit; where the firſt diſguiſe he aſſum'd, was that of an Herald, which pretence procur'd him admittance into every Family of any note through the whole Kingdom of *England*, he pretended to be about writing a Book of Heraldry, with an Hiſtorical account of the Original of every Family, and what Heroick exploits have been performed by any of their Anceſtors. There was not a Family ſo obſcure and new, but he would pretend to derive 'em from ſome ancient Houſe, and delude 'em by telling three or four fabulous ſtories of ſome imagin'd *Hero* of that name. He pretended that it was a work, for the Cuts and Print, ſo ex-

extraordinary chargeable, that he could not poſſibly go through with it, without the help of Subſcriptions. But whoſoever would depoſite twenty ſhillings in hand, he engaged within the ſpace of ſome certain time to ſend him in a Book, which elſe pretended ſhould not be bought under five and thirty ſhillings. With ſuch Art and happy confidence he manag'd his Diſcourſe, that moſt Gentlemen he met withall, were ſo far from having him in ſuſpition, that they did both approve of, and encourage the Deſign. Some who were conſcious of the meanneſs of their abſtraction, and others out of ambition of having their Families highly extoll'd, gave extraordinary Fees beſides. So that by this Cheat (which is the greateſt and moſt general which perhaps any one ever acted) he not only gathered to himſelf vaſt ſums of Money, but extreamly improv'd his knowledge and converſation, and got ſuch knowledge of places and people, that there was ſcarce a Family of any note either in *England* or *Wales*, but he was able to give a very perfect account of. Under this pretence he had the opportunity of acting all ſort of Cheats, which you may be ſure he made uſe of as often as he could,

could: with falſe Dice, and cogging he was us'd to get vaſtly; ſo by bargaining for Horſes, Watches, and the like. A multitude of ſuch little tricks he played on the way, which for the avoiding of too much tediouſneſs, I beg leave to omit, and will conclude this Chapter with theſe following ones.

As he was riding through *Oxfordſhire*, about two or three Miles from him, he eſpyed a large dwelling-Houſe, which by the ſtately ſtructure he concluded to belong to ſome perſon of Quality, and therefore alighting at a ſmall Ale-Houſe on the road, according to his uſe, he not only enquir'd who was owner of that large Houſe, but more ſlily inſinuated in the knowledge of the affairs and conſtitution of that Family. His Landlord ignorantly inform'd him, That the Knight who own'd that Houſe was at that preſent time in *London*, and that his Steward being lately dead, his buſineſs at home lay at ſix and ſevens for want of one to manage it. Overjoy'd with this intelligence, Mr. *Bedloe* haſtens to the Knights Houſe, and having not long ago ſo fortunately perſonated an Embaſſadours Steward in *London*, he did not queſtion but with the ſame cheat he could more eaſily

eaſily impoſe on the ignoranter People of the Country, and indeed his hopes were not at all fruſtrated, for in a ſhort time when it was ſpread abroad that a new Steward was come, ſome of the Tenants were to viſit him with rich preſents, ſome endeavour'd to oblige him with invitations and treats, and all ſtrove who ſhould purchaſe the greateſt intereſt in a perſon of ſuch a ſuppos'd authority and place. He gave all mighty hopes of his friendſhip when occaſion ſerv'd, and having firmly fixt himſelf in their good opinion of him, he told 'em that his Maſters Law was above expectation chargable to him, and that he had Orders with all poſſible ſpeed to procure him a good ſum of Moneys. One of the Tenants who was ever obſerv'd in others concerns to be over-officious, offer'd him his aſſiſtance in his new Office, aſſuring him that he could exactly inform him who were in arrears of Rent, and amongſt vvhom of the Tenants Money vvas moſt plenty. Not a little overjoy'd vvith this proper inſtrument, he vvent conducted by him from one Tenants Houſe to another, till he had gathered together the ſum of fourſcore and ten pounds, but not contented vvith this, he drove forty fat

Weathers

Weathers of the aforeſaid Knights to a neighbouring Market, and having receiv'd for 'em thirty pounds, he mounted his Horſe, and marched off with flying Colours. Three days after return'd the Knight, accompanied by his Lawyer, who expected to receive a good round ſum of Money, but the new Steward, who had the Caſh, could no where be found; but in the Chamber window where he lay, behind a flower-pot, he left theſe Lines, directed to the Knight.

Againſt that Steward bear no male content,
Who was ſo careful to receive your Rent.
Nor blame him, if he thought, as th' caſe now ſtands,
'Twere folly to reſign it to your hands.
For Men in Law ſhould be like Children known,
Who ought not to be truſted with their own.
You ſee then he's an En'my of the Law,
That Tyrant that would free-born Nature awe.
He does it's ſolemn tricks of ſtate deſie,
Who is by Nature and by Conſcience free.

What

What e're he meets he takes to be his own,
And is oblig'd to give account to none.
And in this point all Stewards do agree,
Tho' ſome may act with more Hypocriſie.

Many other brave Cheats (if I may call any Cheat brave) he did in the ſame Country, and particularly one in the City of *Oxford*, which an honeſt Cutler there will never live to forget. His next after this was in *Northampton* Fair, where he took upon him the ruſtick form of a Grazier, and acquainting himſelf with his Landlord, who was a rich Inn-keeper, he made him believe that he had bargain'd for a parcel of Cattle, to the value of threeſcore pounds, but wanting Silver, he deſir'd him to furniſh him with it on the pawn of ſo much in Gold, then he took out of his Pocket a Purſe with threeſcore true *Guinnies* in it, which when his Landlord had viewed, and knew to be good, he order'd his Wife to fetch him the Silver; which when Mr. *Bedloe* had receiv'd, he ſeal'd up the Purſe of Gold with his own Signet, which by ſlight of hand he convey'd away, and delivered in the place of it another fill'd with pieces of Braſs; I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that the cunning Landlord had

had made this in his Bargain, that if the Moneys were not repay'd exactly on the promis'd time, the Gold was to be forfeited without redemption. But you ſhall ſee the event of this deſign'd extortion, for as ſoon as the appointed time was expired, with eager haſte he tore open the Purſe, when at the ſight of the Braſs, his hair ſtood an end as if he had ſeen a Spectre, and all his blood being call'd in to the aſſiſtance of his craving Heart, his Countenance ſeem'd wan and meager, like the ſtarv'd man that is pictur'd with the Hour-glaſs and Sythe. Nor did it a little trouble him that he was yet made more ridiculous by theſe tart Verſes which were found amongſt the Counters.

Such a misfortune never was!
Your darling Gold turn'd into braſs!
Some ſay it was bewitcht, I trow,
Or elſe at leaſt your ſelf was ſo.
But tho' you were impos'd upon,
I'll tell thee what may yet be done:
The Braſs will caſe thy Wife all o're,
For but her face was ſo before.

CHAP. X.

How he Cheated a Parſon of Northamptonſhire. *And how under the pretence of killing Men in Duels, he us'd to procure ſhelter in the Houſes of perſons of Quality.*

AFter this he adventur'd on an honeſt Country Parſon, whoſe too good nature was his greateſt fault, and his aptneſs to believe other people to be as harmleſs as himſelf. Mr. *Bedloe* having had intelligence of this (for he had every where his inſtruments) came confidently to his Houſe, and meeting him; at the door, he accoſted him with this diſcourſe, all the while embracing him. *O my Unkle! my deareſt Unkle! I beg you to excuſe theſe flowing tears of joy, but you need not wonder at this paſſion of mine, when I tell you that you are the firſt Relation, which (beſides my Father and Mother) ever bleſt my eyes. Sir, I have not any need to enquire who you are, I know you by ſimpathy; beſides in every Feature of you, there lives*

lives the exact picture of my dead dear Father. The Parſon was at firſt ſurpriz'd with this dark Careſs, and leading him into his Parlour deſired the favour of being better known to him, begging his pardon, that he was yet ignorant of any Relation that could call him Unkle. *Have you then* (reply'd Mr. *Bedlow*) *forgot your only Brother, your Brother* William, *who lately liv'd in the Iſle of* Barbadoes; *but now alas he is gone to his home, with his laſt dying words I am ſure he remember'd you, and out of obedience to his Commands I now kiſs your hand. In ſhort I am his Son, his only Son, his only Child.* At this the Old Parſon (whoſe Brother he knew about thirty years before went beyond the Seas, and from whom he could never ſince have the leaſt tidings) grew extravagant with his joy. His *Gout* and *Spleen*, which before ſet him on the Rack, at this preſent forſook him, and he fell lipping about the Room, as I have ſeen young Villagers at the recovery of a deſperate Game at Skittles. To eaſe him by partaking of his boundleſs Joy, he call'd his Wife and Daughters, who were all ſo near ally'd to the Parſons temper, that they knew not how to entertain the leaſt grain of ſuſpition, eſpecially of one who

play'd his part ſo ingeniouſly. Whilſt the Servants were preparing Dinner (which was the beſt both the Houſe and Neighbourhood could afford) he contin-nu'd his Romance with variety of advantagious Fiction; but what moſt of all pleas'd the Parſon, was the vaſt Eſtate he pretended his Father left him Heir of, no leſs than ten thouſand pounds in Mony and Goods, which he ſaid came ſafe to *London*, beſides a large Plantation in the *Barbadoes*, which he ordered to be Sold, intending to buy a Good Eſtate and ſettle himſelf in *England*. The Parſon inform'd him that in his Neighbourhood there was an Eſtate to be ſold of five hundred Pounds a Year, beſides he propoſed to him for a Wife a Rich Heireſs of thoſe parts, in whom he ſaid he had a very good Intereſt. Mr. *Bedloe* aſſur'd him that he had ſo good an opinion of his Affection and Judgment, that he reſolved in that and every thing elſe to refer himſelf wholly to his Advice and Councel. A world of Complements and endeering expreſſions paſt mutually between them; and amongſt the reſt, the Parſon deſired him that he would be ſo kind as in his Houſe to reckon himſelf at Home, and as that day he had recived

the

the greateſt happineſs in the World, ſo he hop't he would continue it him by his continuing in the Country with him. Mr. *Bedloe* for this Invitation gave him a thouſand thanks, and ſeem'd to be angry with that buſineſs which he pretended would not give him leave to ſtay ſo long as that night with him. Then commanding his looks to a Melancholy reſerv'd poſture, he prevented the Parſons Wife (who was juſt about to demand of him what occaſion'd that ſudden alteration of his Countenance) by declaring that he had lately met with a very ſevere misfortune. That he was on the Road hotly ſet upon by Five Highway-men, who not only took from him the Horſe himſelf rod on, and his Gold and Silver, in all Forty Pounds, but what he pretended did moſt of all concern him, a large Gold Watch, ſeveral Rings, and Jewels of a far greater Value, which he deſign'd to beſtow for Preſents on his Aunt and her Daughters. The Parſon extreamly ſtartled and concern'd at this unhappy News, told him that if he had buſineſs of ſuch extraordinary moment, he ſhould want neither a Horſe nor what Money he pleas'd. Mr. *Bedloe* ſtriking the Iron whilſt 'twas hot, and urging a

neceſſity for his ſpeedy going, promiſing to return thither a fortnight after, the Parſon ordered one of his Servants to Saddle his Mare *Nanny* (for ſo the Mare was called which he us'd to ride on himſelf) for Couzen *William*, and went himſelf into his Study, and brought ten pounds in Silver, which he deliver'd to his ſuppos'd Nephew, who very gladly receiv'd it, and having taken his leave, mounted *Nanny*, and away. He was hardly gon out of ſight, but an Honeſt Gentleman of the Neighbourhood who came to Smoke a Pipe with the Parſon, askt him what ſtrange Gentleman that was he met riding on his *Nanny*. *Well Couzen* (quoth the Parſon) *I ſee God Almighty is ever kind to thoſe that ſerve him Faithfully; to day I have receiv'd an happineſs which may add many years of comfort to my life, to day have I ſeen the Son of my Brother* William; *it was him that you juſt now ſaw riding on my Mare* Nanny, *for on* London-*Road he was yeſterday Robb'd of his own Gelding and all his Moneys, but I have furniſht him again, and a fortnight hence he will return with Wealth enough to purchaſe half our Country. Poor man* (reply'd the Gentleman) *I ſadly pitty thy good Nature, I am very*

confident

confident he's a meer Cheat, and that he has meerly gull'd you of whatſoever you truſted him with. Perhaps it is the ſame Fellow that committed the Cheat you lately heard of in Oxfordſhire, *under the pretence of being a Knights Steward. Fie! Fie Couzen,* anſwered the Parſon, *think not ſo abuſively of the Young Gentleman: he gave ſuch an account of our Family and Relations, and ſeveral paſſages he related, which a Stranger could never know; beſides he has the perfect Air, and the ſame Features with my Relations: Nay he's as exactly like my Eldeſt Daughter* Betty *as it is poſſible for a man to be to a woman.* He could by no means be perſuaded to believe himſelf to be impos'd on, 'till the time was expir'd in which his imagin'd Nephew was to return; but when at laſt he found it was too certain, he grew extremely Melancholy, and being continually jeer'd and laught at by all the Gentry thereabouts, he was aſham'd to go any where abroad, or to be ſeen in his own Houſe, for at leaſt half a year after. And what moſt of all concern'd him, was, that he gave occaſion to ſome young Scribler to write this waggiſh Ballad on him,

From London *Town, there lately came down*
A Famous young Quack, that never wore Gown;
Whose Phyſick is glib, and Doſes are large,
Himſelf runs the danger, though his Patient the Charge.

If you have a Soft place, this Doctor with eaſe
Will Heal up the Fracture, and Cure the Diſeaſe:
But blame not the Plaiſter if you feel it too tart,
For it oureth the Wound but by making it ſmart.

That you mayn't in the leaſt, fear your Money to waſte,
His Receipt you'll find Seal'd with a Probatum eſt.
For if you'll have patience I'll make it appear,
How he help'd an Old Parſon of Northamptonſhire.

When

When he'd handled his Scull, and found 'twas a dull
Hard Globe of looſe Notions, and Eaſineſs full:
He farther proceeded for certain to know,
Whether he was Compos Mentis *or no.*

When they'd kept a long pudder, Saluting each other,
He told him he was the ſole Son of his Brother;
Who ſtrait way believ'd it, ſo doubtleſs he'd done,
If that he had ſaid he was his own Son.

But when this young Knave had what e'r he did crave,
He thought it high time for to take his leave;
And ſwore his return ſhould be certain and quick,
With Money to buy him a Biſhoprick.

But

But this man of a Church being left in the
lurch,
Began very highly to grumble and gruch;
And brought to his Wits again, ſeriouſly
ſwore
He never would truſt any Stranger
more.

Beſides he was ſo jear'd by all that this
hear'd,
That he kept cloſe his Study, and liv'd
more reſerv'd:
And his mountanous ſides their huge com-
paſs did loſe,
And are now grown as lean as an old
brody Gooſe.

Now you ſee that a cheat may be order'd
by fate,
To make that man happy on whom it does
light:
For our Quack, I preſume, did the Par-
ſon trappan
But to make him appear like another
man.

Amongſt the innumerable Cheats I ever heard of this man, I know of none that were more profitable to him than that

that of his pretence to Duelling; for when ever he had any intelligence of any eminent Combate, wherein one was either deſperately Wounded or Killed, his uſe was to apply himſelf for Protection to good Natur'd Gentlemen, and with his Speech and Looks Compos'd to the purpoſe, he would ſeem to be mighty ſorry for the unhappy accident, inſinuating that it was a piece of brave Gallantry, a *ſe defendendo*, and ſuch a misfortune that might happen to any honeſt Gentleman. Many perſons of Quality, eſpecially thoſe who had any kindneſs to Courage, were eaſily won to commiſerate his ſuppos'd extremity: and conſidering that it might happen to be a caſe of their own, ſome with Horſe and Money would accommodate him for flight, others would ſecure him in their own Houſes, where he ſeldom fail'd of making to himſelf a good advantage. This and the reſt of his Cheats he ſo often repeated, that almoſt in every Country there were people ſearching for him, although under ſeveral Shapes and Names. And though he had the Fortune ſtill to ſecure himſelf from the Clutches of his Adverſaries; yet finding people in the Country by being ſo often

trappand

trappand, to grow more ſubtile and weary, he betook himſelf again to *London*, where you ſhall immediately have a farther account of him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How he first came to be employ'd in the service of the Jesuits. *His living in a Nunnery in Womens Clothes. How he cheated the Prince of* Orange *of one hundred Pounds.*

ALL this time there continued such a Correspondence between him and the before mentioned Jesuits, that they always Communicated, to each other, their whole concerns; but I think it beside my present purpose to give you their History, unless that part of it which has a particular relation to Mr. *Bedloe*; who being now come to *London*, and making enquiry after them, at last met with Father *Johnson*, by whom he was inform'd, that the week before his Brother Labourer, Father *Herman*, marched out of this World, under the Banner of the *French* Disease; and *Johnson* himself, about a fortnight after, fell extreamly ill of a Malignant Feaver, and ere a month came to a Period, his chaf'd Soul being worry'd

worry'd by the ſcorching flames of his Diſeaſe, ſtrove to mount a loft on the Wings of Merit, and directed its courſe towards the fancy'd Region of Purgatory: but perhaps his Wings, like thoſe of *Icarus*, might fail him in the flight, and tumble him headlong to a worſe place than that Sea he gave a name to. But whilſt he lay on his death Bed, being viſited by many of his own Fraternity, particularly *Whitebread*, *Fenwick*, and *Gavan*, (thoſe famous Plotters which ſince took their ſwing at *Tyborn*) he mightily commended Mr. *Bedloe*, to their choice, as a perſon very fit and able to aſſiſt 'em in the carrying on of the Catholick deſign, but they thought it not convenient, however at that time for to admit of him,: but not long after being drawn, by I know not what vagary, beyond the Seas; he inſinuated himſelf into the acquaintance of the Lady Abbeſs of the *Engliſh* Nunnery in *Dunkirk*, who having entertained him for ſix Weeks in her Convent, recommended him to Sir *John Warner*, as a proper Inſtrument for their purpoſe; who ſent him to *Harcourt* to be inſtructed in the *Popiſh* Principles; who made it his endeavour to Alienate his mind from his Natural Prince

Prince and Country, by all the prejudice his ancient craft, and cunning could inſinuate. He perſuaded him that when any Prince was Depos'd by the Great Vicar of *Rome*, as ours was, that then all his Subjects are not only freed from all Allegiance and Duty to him as their Natural Prince, but are bound, to Conſpire his ruin, on the hazard of Damnation. After this he infus'd in him the unhappy Principle of blind Obedience, which certainly is the greateſt the Church of *Rome* this day can boaſt of: for hence people are excited to Murther Kings, Fire Cities, and perpetuate the moſt ſtupendious Crimes on promiſes of rewards ſutable to the horridneſs of the Act. And if they happen to miſcarry in the great attempt, nothing leſs is aſſured to 'em then a Saintſhip in Heaven, and a Paſs to go thither without being interrupted by Purgatory on the way; as if their wickedneſs here had already purifi'd 'em! Mr. *Bedloe* being now confirm'd (or elſe appearing ſo) in theſe and the like Principles, and having ſeveral times repeated the ſolemn Oath of Secrecy, he was imploy'd in the Office of carrying about Treaſonable Letters from one Kingdom to another, as occaſion requir'd. No

Office

Office could possibly be of greater Trust, for through his Hands past most of the Letters which managed the grand *Popish* Plot for the space of five years; which he carry'd as far as *Rome*, *Flanders*, *Spain*, *&c.* Most of which he made bold to open by the way; and of those which were most Material he deliver'd but Counterfeit Coppies, keeping the Originals to himself, which he had to produce against several Persons of Great Quality and Honour. The multitude of his other Cheats which he play'd by the by, in his Travels beyond the Seas, would be too tedious here to relate, and swell this Book into a Volume too large and bulky; for the avoyding of which I will confine myself to this one or two.

He having dress't himself in a Womans Garb, was admitted as a Nun, into a Religious House in *Flanders*, where he soon grew intimately acquainted with some of the Faires't of the Holy-Sisterhood. He complained that all day long he was forc'd to Fast and Pray, though every night he Feasted on the luscious Dyet of Nuns Flesh; but ere he had continu'd there thirteen weeks, the Mother Abbess, perhaps over seeing some actions that were immodest, began to

have

have him in ſuſpition: but ſhe diſguis'd her reſentment under another pretence, calling him Whore and Strumpet, and ſaying he was with Child, and on the morrow ſhe would have him ſearcht: but he ſav'd her Ladyſhip the trouble by making his eſcape the night before. And and about four or five months after, the Mother Abbeſs, to her great confuſion, did too well underſtand, that Mr. *Bedloe* was ſo far from being with Child himſelf, that he had made half a ſcore of her Sacred Daughters ſo.

Immediately after this, he began his Journy for *Holland*, where, under the name of Captain *Williams*, he impos'd a Cheat on the Prince of *Orange*, which was both great and pleaſant. Being very ſplendidly accouter'd, he preſenting himſelf to his Highneſs, told him that he was an *Engliſh* Gentleman, and one who formerly had a Command in that Kingdom, but fame having diſperſt abroad ſuch a mighty Character of his Highneſſes Valour, he was above all things ambitious of ſerving under his Conduct. He farther added that there were fifty ſtout Young Fellows Quartering not far of, which he had brought with him from *England*, moſt of 'em being

ing his Tenants Sons, or near Neighbours to him. Who (if his Highneſs would be pleas'd to Honour him with a Captains Commiſſion) were ready, with himſelf, to ſerve him with the laſt drop of their Blood. The Prince (as any one may gueſs) could not chooſe but accept of this generous offer with paſſionate Embraces, and having preſented him with one of his beſt War Horſes, and entertain'd him with a rich and Sumptuous Treat, where many high Complements paſt mutually between 'em) he very readily Seal'd him a Captains Commiſſion, and at the ſame time made one Mr. *Crawfoot*, another *Engliſh* Gentleman, his Enſign. Whom his Highneſs Commanded to March with the aforeſaid fifty men to the Body of his Army. Mr. *Bedloe* now began to inſinuate that he had ſooner waited on his Highneſs (having been Landed with his men in *Holland* above ſix Weeks ago) only he was ſtrangely diſappointed of a recruit of Moneys he expected from *England*. And that he could not conveniently remove his men without firſt diſcharging their preſent Quarters, which leſs than an hundred pounds would not ſuffice to do. The Prince very readily ordered

ordered the hundred Pounds to be deliver'd to him. With which he convey'd himſelf very privately away, and brought the ſaid ſum intire to his Mother in *Chepſtow*. This was the firſt Commiſſion I ever heard he had, and to ſpeak really my mind, I do believe this was the very ſame Commiſſion which he produced at Mr. *Readings* Tryal, when the ſaid *Reading* made a queſtion whether he ever had one.

Having now ſpent about five years in the ſervice of the Plotters, (all which while he beſides carry'd on his own little Cheats) his Conſcience began at laſt to have ſeveral regrets, and he reſolv'd, if he could, with any ſafety to himſelf, to make a full Diſcovery of the Horrid Popiſh Plot, to ſave his Prince and Country from an eminent ruin, and return to his own Natural Church, wherein he hoped to lead a new life, and heartily to Repent of his former Horrid Crimes.

Whilſt he he was conſidering on the way and method, that worthy Perſon Dr. *Oats* (whoſe name will be ever precious to all True Proteſtants) out-ſtript him in the Race: and laid down the firſt Grounds and Footſteps of the Diſcovery.

CHAP. XII.

His first Discovery of the Popish Plot, with an account of his Testimony. Of the great Bribes which were offer'd him, and the Art and Policy which was us'd to stifle his Evidence, and his great Honesty and Policy in the management thereof.

AT the beginning of *August* 1678. Dr. *Oats* made his first Discovery to one Dr. *Tongue*, who thought it convenient to Communicate the whole business to Mr. *Kerby*, as one for his Fidelity, Zeal and Courage, and the Interest he had at Court, was the most capable and likely person they could think of to assist 'em, in a business they were certain would meet with so many hazards and such strong opposition. Mr. *Kerby* very generously accepted of the troublesome Office, and immediately acquainted His Majesty of the great danger His Person and Kingdoms were in. That there were

two

two men, by name *Pickering* and *Grove*, that undertook to Shoot him, and that Sir G. *W.* was hired to give him Poyſon, as he had been lately inform'd by a Friend who had a more full account in Writing, and was ready to appear when ere His Majeſty would Command it. His Majeſty, always guarded with ſo much Goodneſs and Innocence, was not too apt to fear the worſt; however he going himſelf to *Windſor*, ordered 'em to wait on the Earl of *Danby*, then Lord Treaſurer, whom he ſaid he would employ to examine the whole buſineſs: but Dr. *Tongue* and Mr. *Kerby* found it no eaſie matter to ſpeak with his Lordſhip: and at laſt, when they were admitted, he receiv'd 'em ſo very coldly, and after ſome few Queſtions was ſo haſty to dimiſs 'em, that they were quite diſcourag'd, and apprehenſive of very great Dangers. For they ſaw his Lordſhip, as much as in him lay, diſcourag'd the Diſcovery; and although a Concealment was faithfully promis'd, yet all that was done, was immediately Communicated to *Blundel*, one of the Plotters, by *Bedingfield*, who was Confeſſor to the Duke of *York*. Whereupon Dr. *Oats* was like to be Aſſaſſinated going to his Lodging in *Drury-Lane*, by one

one *Stradford* who was employ'd for that purpoſe.

As yet the Plot lay wholly on Dr. *Oat's* Reputation, and the Deſign he mentioned was in it ſelf ſo Horrid, that good men (who are always Charitable) could ſcarce perſuade themſelves of its reality. The faſhionable men of the Town, who pretend to wit and humour, did but make a jeſt of it, having long ſince learn'd to turn the moſt ſerious things into Droll and Ridicule; and on the other ſide the Conſpirators, with noiſe, lies, and impudence, and the powerful intereſt they had, did not doubt to overbear and cruſh his Teſtimony. But ſuch was the Adorable Providence of GOD, that Captain *Bedloe*, who a long time before deſign'd a Diſcovery, now came up to *London*, and not only confirm'd the Doctors Evidence, but made farther Diſcoveries, and gave a clearer, nay an infallable light, to the Popiſh Plot.

He was the firſt that diſcovered the Murther of Sir *Edmunbury Godfrey*, which before the Papiſts had almoſt brought the Kingdom to believe he had perform'd on himſelf. For which Horrid Murther, *Green*, *Berry*, and *Hill*, were Condemn'd and Executed.

He

He was the moſt convincing Witneſs againſt *Coleman*, *Ireland*, *Pickering*, *Grove*, *Whitebread*, *Harcourt*, *Fenwick*, *Gavan*, Sir. *G. W. Corker*, *Marſhal*, and others. And his Teſtimony againſt the Plotting Lords in the *Tower*, was lookt upon as ſo conſiderable, that the Earl of *Danby* (as he Swore before the Houſe of Commons) taking him into his Cloſet, aſſur'd him that he ſhould be well rewarded if he would deſiſt from giving Evidence againſt the Lords in the *Tower*, *viz. William* Earl *Powis*, *William* Viſcount *Stafford*, *Henry* Lord *Arundel* of *Warder*, *William* Lord *Peter*, and *John* Lord *Bellaſis*; to which Mr. *Bedloe* anſwered, *That he had once been an ill man, and deſir'd to be ſo no more.* To this the Treaſurer reply'd, *You may live in what Country you pleaſe, as* Geneva, Sueden, *or* New England *: have what mony you can ask to maintain you there.* But Mr. *Bedloe* bravely and honeſtly ſlighted the great temptation, notwithſtanding the ſeveral threatnings and diſcouragements he then lay under.

After this, Mr. *Reading*, a Counſellor at Law, inſinuated himſelf into his Acquaintance on the ſame deſign, to molliſie and ſweeten his Evidence againſt the

Lords in the *Tower*: but this too prov'd Abortive; for Mr. *Bedloe* out-witted him, and brought him to condign punishment for that Corrupt practice: for after he had long held him in hand, and got several sums of money from him; he procur'd, by a stratagem, sufficient Witness to prove it out of his own Mouth, and under his own Hand, of which he was found Guilty, and his Sentence was, That he be Fined one thousand pounds, Imprisoned for a Year, and stand one hour in the Pilory.

On this part of his life, I might quickly write over many Sheets of Paper; but all that can be said concerning his Testimony, being in Print already, I do not doubt but I shall be more excusable for being thus brief and concise. Begging leave to direct you to the respective Tryals of the Plotters, or rather to that Ingenious Book, Entituled *The History of the Damnable Popish Plot*, by the Author of the *Weekly Packet of Advice from* Rome.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the various machinations which were laid againſt his Life. The great reſpect and kindneſs he received from the Proteſtant Party. Of the Narrative he writ of the fire of London. *And ſomething in vindication of his* Dramatick Poem, *call'd* The Excommunicated Prince, of the falſe Relick.

EXperience having taught the Plotters that he was not to be gained either by bribes or menaces, they began to lay Plots and Contrivances againſt his Life. On the twentieth day of *March*, 1679. Dr. *Jones* the Kings Chymiſt in Ordinary, Depos'd before Colonel *Walcop*, that he being in Company with one Dr. *Smith*, a Papiſt, the ſaid Dr. *Smith* ask'd him if he was not Phyſician to Captain *Bedloe*, *Yes*, *I am*, reply'd Dr. *Jones*, *both to himſelf*, *and all his Family*: then ſaid Dr. *Smith*, *I can put you in*

in a way how you make your ſelf Rich and Great: It is but giving him a Pill, which would ſend him to the other World. In ſhort it was Sworn that he was very earneſt with him to Poyſon him. Upon which *Smith* was Committed to Priſon, where he continued near a Twelvemonth.

Not long after this, his Brother (as 'tis ſuppos'd miſtaken for him) receiv'd a deſperate Wound in his Shoulder, which was miraculouſly Cured. And about half a year before his death, he had a very ſtrange breaking out all over his Body, which all his Phyſicians gave their Opinion was the effect of ſome Poyſon he had taken inwardly. And I heard him declare, that being ſuſpitious of ſome Company that intruded upon him, perceiving himſelf ſomwhat indiſpos'd, he immediately took Phyſick, which forc'd out the Infection. Which a longer continuance would certainly have rendred fatal.

But though his Ememies had laid theſe and many more Plots againſt his Life, and us'd all their Wit and Induſtry to vilifie his Reputation: yet all the while he wanted not Friends to Love and Cheriſh him. All Honeſt Diſcreet Proteſtants did look upon him as an happy Inſtrument ſent 'em by Providence to preſerve

ſerve their dear Lives, Eſtates, and Religion, which elſe had certainly been a Prey to the mercileſs bloody Papiſts. In *London* many perſons of great Honor and Quality Careſt him with all imaginable Civility and Friendſhip. And when e'er he walk'd the ſtreets, there was a Lane made of people who throng'd to behold him, which they did with no ordinary reſpect and veneration. In moſt of our Parliament-men he had ſuch a conſiderable intereſt, that they promis'd him their aſſiſtance in procuring him a ſutable reward, which no body immagin'd would be leſs than fifty or threeſcore thouſand pounds. For (beſides his great ſervices to his Country) he had ſuch an obliging, winning, affable way with him, that his very Enemies did as much admire as hate him. His Converſation was moſt facetious, his Reaſon deep, his Memory ſtrong, and his Courage undauntable. And who ever heard him give his Evidence againſt the damnable Plotters, or have elſe Read their Tryals, muſt admire him above any thing my Pen can expreſs of him.

In the City he was ſo admired, that many eminent perſons there, propos'd to have his Statue rais'd. The infinite num-

ber

ber of his Pictures that were ſold, is almoſt incredible. Nor could he be one day at reſt for the little Poets of the Town, who were continually importuning him with their intollerable Poetry. I know very few of 'em that are worth my tranſcribing here, however I have a better opinion than ordinary of theſe following Lines (perhaps inclin'd to it by partiallity) they being writ by my own Granſon, who I do aſſure you is no more than nineteen years of age.

I.

Let Columbus *from his throne*
Deſcend, and own himſelf out done,
Farther diſcoveries thou haſt made than he,
Thou haſt diſcover'd more than worlds,
Ev'n Hells of Treaſon, and Conſpiracy;
Thy Lyncean *Eyes have have pierc'd into*
All the dark intreagues which Belzebub,
With his whole Clubb
Of old experienc'd Fiends can do.
Like Hercules *thou'ſt pierc'd the gates of night,*
And with more than Mortal might;
Fort'd up the Triple-headed day to light.

II. Proteus

II.

Proteus *the Poets boaſted ſo,*
For various ſhapes, muſt yield to you.
His change was only for his own;
Yours for your Countrys Preſervation.
Gliding through the hollow parts,
And crooked Paths of Jeſuits hearts,
Treaſon you ſaw lie feſtring there.
And like an able State Phyſician,
When you perceiv'd the impoſthume Ripe was grown,
To ſee it lancht of all its Putrefaction was your care.
Nay, to the Deity thou art immediate Heir,
For 'tis a work that's near as great,
For to Preſerve, as to Create.

Mr. *Bedloes* Ingenious Narrative of the Firing of *London* will never want remembrance, but ever live, and be credited by all honeſt Proteſtants, whilſt the world continues. There he tells you that he was engag'd by the *Benedictine* Monks at *Paris* in the year 1676. (as a Member of their Committee to Fire *Weſtminſter*, *Lime-houſe*, and ſeveral other places. And there he names particular Streets, and

and the very Houſes where he hired Cellers, and laid in Wood, Coals, and other Combuſtible matter, to effect this buſineſs; as on the backſide of the *Pulſgrave-Head* Tavern, without *Temple-Bar*, *Brewers-Yard* in the *Strand*, a Celler at Mr. *Withers*, at the Plow in *Seething-Lane*; another in *White Friars*, others in *White-Croſs-ſtreet*, *Red-Croſs-ſtreet*, *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, *Queen Hith*, &c. And in the Epiſtle he names twelve diſtinct ways they have to cauſe and promote Fires. For the reſt I refer the Reader to the Book it ſelf, which is ſold by Mr. *Boulter*, and other Bookſellers in *Cornhil*.

In the next place I deſire leave to ſpeak ſomthing of his *Dramatick Poem*, call'd *The Excommunicated Prince, or the falſe Relick*. As to the worth of the Play, I do own my ſelf to be altogether ſo unskilful in Poetry, that I will not raſhly pretend to give my opinion of it. But that which I know, let me aſſert in its vindication, *viz.* that it was both began and finiſht in the ſpace of two Months, which every one muſt needs acknowledg was but a very ſhort time, conſidering the great buſineſs, that then more earneſtly imploy'd his thoughts, which muſt neceſſarily be a weighty clog to the ableſt

ableſt Muſe. Whereas ſome of the chief Poets of this Age have thought it no diſparagement to confeſs, that a correct Play to be perfected, will require at leaſt twelve months time. And I remember in ſome Prologue, I think in that to the *Virtuoſo*, I have Read this Diſtick to the ſame purpoſe,

A Play, like Ground, muſt a year Fallow lie,
E're it can ripen to good Comedy.

This conſider'd, (and it being the firſt Eſſay he ever finiſht of this Nature) what few miſtakes are found in his Play, may be eaſily excus'd. But beſides its real faults, the errors of the Preſs, and what it ſuffers through the prejudice and malice of the Authors Adverſaries, I do not at all wonder if even the moſt impartial Reader too, ſhould look ſeverely on it, ſeeing he is promis'd in the Title Page what he can never find in the Book. It would fain cozen him to believe that he ſhall meet with the Popiſh Plot repreſented in that Play, though I have heard Mr. *Bedloe* often ſay he never intended any ſuch thing. The Hiſtory he deſign'd, may, as I am inform'd, be Read in ſeveral Authentick

thentick Authors; but in *Heylens Geography* I remember I met with it my ſelf. So may any that will peruſe his Hiſtory of *Georgia*. Mr. *Bedloe* well knew it was againſt his intereſt ſo for to ridicule the Plot, as to compoſe a Play of it; and he had more judgment in Poetry, than to imagine that ſuch a new thing would pleaſe in Tragedy. And leaſt any one ſhould ſuſpect that his deſign did in the leaſt incline that way, he writ an Epiſtle to aſſure his Reader of the contrary. Which the Stationer (ſuppoſing under that pretence the Play would vend much better) thought it his intereſt to ſtifle, and added theſe words to the Title Page (*Being the Popiſh Plot in a Play*) without the Authors conſent or knowledg.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of his Marriage, his living in Briſtol. *Of His ſickneſs. His dying words, and his Death.*

NOw Mr. *Bedloe* (although his allowance from His Majeſty was but ten pounds a week, with the aſſiſtance of his Friends, and what he had of his own, liv'd at the rate of at leaſt two thouſand pounds a year. He was of a moſt generous Bountiful and Charitable humour, kind to his Relations, and conſtant to his Friend; his Clothes were the Richeſt which mony could buy, which he knew how to put on, and wear to the beſt advantage. This and his other accompliſhments, as the comelineſs of his Perſon, the pleaſantneſs of his Converſation, and his exactneſs in the Punctilio's of Breeding and Carriage, gave him an abſolute dominion over all people with whom he was acquainted, eſpecially over the Female Sex, which he knew how to pleaſe to an hairs ſhadow; I know two

Ladies of very great Fortunes, that fell ſo Paſſionately in Love with him, that their Fathers thought it convenient to make Propoſals to him of Marriage. which he civily refus'd, with the pretence that he reſolv'd not as yet to ſettle himſelf, eſpecially till the Parliament had ratify'd their large promiſes to him, which might in ſome manner, he ſaid, make him capable of deſerving ſuch conſiderable offers. But not long after this, he hapned in Company with a young Lady, whoſe Conquering Charms, altho he at the firſt Interview, had no more power to reſiſt, than he could pluck down a Star, or remove a Mountain. Her Vertues, Beauties, and Ingenuity, (in which ſhe was hardly equal'd, by any of her Sex) had procur'd her as many Admirers, as ſhe had Beholders; nor was ſhe leſs eminent for her Fortune and Quality, there being only two Siſters, of which ſhe was the Eldeſt, who were Co-Heirs to at leaſt ſix hundred pounds *per ann.* Her name was Madam *Anna Purifoy*, Daughter to one Collonel *Purifoy*, a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, and of good repute in *Ireland.* At the ſame time ſhe was Courted by a Perſon of Honour in *London*, but ſhe knew not how to

to fancy any other man, after ſhe had once beheld the Perſon of Mr. *Bedloe*. Beſides, he continu'd ſuch an earneſt and cloſe ſiege, that from the firſt time he ever ſaw her, he mov'd not out of her Company till he had extorted from her many happy ſymptoms of her kindneſs for him, and at laſt her conſent and promiſe to Marry him. He now grown impatient of any delay, was induſtrious to accelerate the Solemnity of the Marriage, and ſhe too, (although at firſt unwilling to give herſelf away without the conſent and knowledg of her Friends, yet conſidering the many hazards that would attend that piece of Duty,) was at laſt brought to ſubſcribe to what time he would appoint for the Conſummating the buſineſs.

The Wedding, he kept, was, for the Gallantry of their Garbs, the Concourſe Perſons of Quality, and for the nobleneſs and freeneſs of the Entertainment, ſuch that perhaps has not been excell'd by any Gentleman this many years, and as for *Epithalamiums*, few Princes I believe were ever troubled with a greater number of 'em. Among the reſt of his Papers I found nine in Manuſcript, beſides

ſeveral in Print, but they are all ſo inſipid and dull, that I will not trouble myſelf to Tranſcribe, nor the Reader with the peruſal of 'em.

After his Marriage, he continu'd not many months in *London*, but was invited to live in *Briſtol* by the inceſſant importunities of his numerous Friends he had there, with whom he was the readier to comply, becauſe through the Parliaments Diſſolution, the neceſſity of his attendance in *London* was diſcontinu'd. And having Rented a very fair pleaſant Houſe on *Stanie-Hill* in *Briſtol*, he furniſht it with a great quantity of very ſumptuous Plate, rich Arras Hangings, ſome Damask Beds, and all other Utenſils, the Richeſt that Silver or Gold could purchaſe; to which State, and Neatneſs, his Table and Entertainment was Correſpondent and Suitable. At his firſt coming to Town, he was viſited by the Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and moſt Gentlemen of Quality that liv'd in that City, and his Lady receiv'd the ſame Civility from their Wives, beſides an infinite number of Preſents which were dayly ſent him by the Citizens, as grateful acknowledgment of the extraordinary ſervices he did his Country in General, and themſelves

selves in Particular. In this place he led his life about half a year, all which while he was observ'd to be a most constant Church-man, he was fervent in his Devotion, in his Life and Conversation Chast and Sober, Just to all men according to his Power, Kind and Hospitable to his Relations, and Charitable to the poor. In short, he began to grow too good, and too refin'd to continue long among such a wicked unworthy people, for as his Vertues did increase and made him Ripe for Heaven, so did the crying sins of our Nation deserve that he should no longer continue its Preserver.

About the middle of *July*, 1680. he was call'd for to *London*, concerning some business of the unhappy Popish Plot, where he continu'd not past a fortnight, e're he received from his Wife this following Letter.

From Bristol *this first day of* August, 1680.

My Dear,

I Receiv'd yours by the last Post, with Joy to hear of your Health, but indeed cannot give you the same Comfort concerning my own. For I have been this

three or four days very much indiſpos'd and ill. Wherefore I deſire, if thy buſineſs will permit, to have thy Company here with all poſſible ſpeed. Your Mother and Siſter went this Morning for Wales, *by the* Chepſtow *Boat, who deſire to be remembred to you. Pray give my love to my Brother* James, *and to the reſt of my Friends in* London, *and accept of the ſame your ſelf from*

Your moſt Dutiful

and Loving Wife, till Death,

ANNA BEDLOE.

When he had perus'd this Letter, he began to be extreamly concern'd and Melancholy; and having ſpent the following night diſcontented and reſtleſs, he took Horſe very early on the next Morning for *Briſtol*; but the weather was ſo Sulphurous hot, and he rid ſo exceſſive hard, that when he came to his Houſe, he found his Lady indifferently well Recover'd, but himſelf in a moſt deſperate and dangerous condition. An able Phyſician was immediately ſent for, who knew not at firſt what to make of his Diſeaſe, only that he was Feaveriſh, how-

however he adviſed ſome things which cauſ'd him to reſt that night indifferently well. In the Morning he had the Advice of two Phyſicians more, who all then concluded that he had broke his Gall by too violent Riding, and that his Diſtemper was not Curable by any Human Art. It was concluded neceſſary that he ſhould underſtand the danger of his condition, that he might haſten to order and ſettle his Affairs here, and prepare for his paſſage to the other world: his Wife, Mother, and ſome other of his Relations, at this Opinion of the Phyſicians, were grown almoſt Diſtracted, but he himſelf receiv'd the Sentence with an admirable Calmneſs and Reſignation, contrary to the uſual Nature of frailer fleſh and blood. As his ſickneſs increas'd, ſo did his patience too; and he ſeem'd to take a kind of divertiſement even in his pain, and delighted to bear what was the will of Heaven. He was conſtant and moſt Fervent in his Devotion to Almighty God, heartily begging forgiveneſs for his former horrid ſins, for which he declar'd his unfeign'd ſorrow by numerous Sighs and Tears. He receiv'd the Communion after the Inſtituon of the Church of *England*, of which

Religion he declar'd that he hoped to die, depending on no other Merits, beſides those of his Bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, the Righteous. His Conſcience now began to be ſo quiet and ſerene, that notwithſtanding the wracking Tortures of his Diſtemper, he ſeem'd to anticipate the unſpeakable Joys of Heaven, telling his Viſitants that he had a perfect Idea of the Beatifick Viſion, and that he ſaw ſeveral Bleſſed Angels hovering about his Bed, which were waiting to conduct him to the Celeſtial Paradice. He frequently declared his willingneſs to part with this troubleſome world, though for the ſake of his Family, he ſaid, if it was the Almighties pleaſure, he ſhould be contented to continue here a little longer; his Lady being then very big with Child, who with his Mother, Brother, and Siſter, would be ſadly diſappointed in the great dependance they had on him: but he made the beſt Proviſion for them all, which at that time lay in his power, and told 'em that he did not doubt but the Parliament, which had made him ſuch large and fair promiſes, would certainly take his Family into their Care and Protection.

During

During the time of his Sickness, he was visited by persons of considerable Quality, who declaring their trouble for the great loss this Kingdom was like to sustain by his Death, desired, that if he knew any thing of the *Popish Plot* which was yet unrevealed, that whilst his Intellectuals were perfect, he would discover it to some Magistrate. On the 16th of *August* (which was the first day of *Bristol* Assizes) Sir *Francis North*, Chief Justice of the *Common Pleas*, came to visit him; to whom, the Sheriffs and several others being present, Mr. *Bedloe* Discoursed to this purpose,

That he looked on himself as a dying man, who must shortly appear before the Lord of Hosts, to give an account of all his Actions, and because many persons had made it their business to baffle and deride the Plot, *he did, for the satisfaction of the World, there declare on the faith of a dying Man, and as he hoped for Salvation, that whatever he had Testified concerning the* Plot, *was true, and that he had wronged no body by his Testimony, but had testified rather under than over what was Truth. That he had nothing lay on his Conscience on that account. That he should appear chearfully before the Lord of Hosts, which he did verily*

believe

believe he must do in a short time: he said he had many Witnesses to produce, which would make the Plot *as clear as the Sun: He expressed great grief and trouble for the condition of his King and Country whom he knew all that time to be in imminent danger from the Jesuits, who had resolv'd the King's Death, and he was sure they would spare him no longer than he continued to be kind to them; he said, he was privie to their Consultations at* Salamanca *and* Vallidolid, *where they used to observe the favourable Conjuncture they had to introduce their Religion into* England; *which consisted in their having an Head, which must be set up whatever became of it: he said farther, That he knew the Wickedness and Resolution of the Jesuits, that they would stick at nothing to compass their own ends; they had attempted to Poyson him, but he had escaped that.*

After he had ended this Discourse, all the Company being desired to withdraw, besides his Wife, my Lord, and his Martial; my Lord *North* took his farther Examination on his Oath, which was but very short and concise, and no more then to this purpose, *viz. That the Duke and Queen were indeed conscious of the* Popish Plot, *but he seemed to clear 'em from having*

ving any hand or knowledge concerning the Murder of his Sacred Majesty. After this he lasted but a very few days, when being quite spent, he smoothly breathed out his better part, with that ease and innocence as Infants fall asleep. Two days after his Death, he was very decently Interr'd in Church in *Bristol*, the Church being all over covered with black; and an infinite number of People that were then present, besides all true Protestants dispersed through the whole Kingdom, being his Mourners.

Among the Multitude of *Elegies* which were made on his Funeral, I will trouble you with only this one; I will not say the best, because I own it was Writ by a near Relation of mine.

An *Elegie* on the Death of Captain *William Bedlow*.

COuld Bedlow *fall so softly to his Tomb,*
Without a Comet *to fore-tel his doom?*
If Kingdoms by such signs their Fate fore-see,
Why should'st not thou, who ha'st preserv'd our three?

The

The Sun methinks a mourning Cloud should wear,
And with loud groans run bellowing round our Sphere.
And till these or such Prodigies are made,
I fatally shall believe that thou art Dead:
Besides, 'tis strange thou couldst this World depart,
And yet continue living in my heart:
A heart, that if thy Soul indeed were gone,
Would thy Ideas almost warm to one.
But Oh, what sudden change is this I see?
Grief in each Look, and tears in every Eye;
In every honest Face, thy Fate I read,
And all I meet cry, Oh! he's dead! he's dead!
So now I can no more my self deceive,
Then since I know it, I can cease to grieve.
My melting Eye-balls having spent their store,
Fresh grief draws showres of Tears from every pore,
Which pouring down, ambitious are to be
O Blessed Body, Co-interr'd with thee
But heark,
The Heavenly Quire their sweeter notes strain,
To celebrate with joy, thy Glorious Reign.
If so, our Sorrow would uncivil seem,
And Piety it self become a Crime;
Yet Human Nature cannot chuse but grieve,

Cause

Cause since thy Death, we know not how to live.

We have our great Preserver lost; and we
Must now to darker Regions go, not thee;
Thus, thus, poor wretches I are we left to doubt
What's Death, to die with thee, or live without.

FINIS.

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